

# MICHIGAN FARMER

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### Agricultural.

#### MACOMB COUNTY SHEEP BREEDERS' AND WOOL-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Annual Institute Under the Auspices of this Association.

The third annual institute of this Association was held at Romeo, on Thursday, February 25, and, as usual, was largely attended. The morning session was devoted to business, such as the reports of officers, election of officers for the ensuing year, etc. In the afternoon President Phillips called the meeting to order, said a few words about the programme, and hoped every one present would take part in the discussions, and get in a word whenever he could even if it hit somebody's hobby a little hard. Then, when the meeting was over, let all participants and forget about the hits received. He said he expected the tariff question would be sharply discussed, and hoped it would be, but with good feeling. After a piece of music had been sung, Mr. O. S. Bristol, of Albion, read a paper on "Washing Sheep—Does it pay?" He said in substance, that he didn't know where or when the practice originated, nor could he account for the persistency with which it is adhered to. He thought it must have originated with some man who lived a long distance from market and did not want to pay transportation on dirt. His experience was against washing. Admitting the owner of a grade flock would get more dollars and cents for his wool when washed, he would still question whether it paid. In the first place, washing puts off shearing until late, and after the flies had got in their work, and he believed the damage done by them more than made up the difference in the price received. Sheep-shears say they prefer to shear unwashed sheep, because the skin is more tough and healthy. Cold water often causes catarrh, stunts young animals, and thus injures them for life. He had become so thoroughly convinced that it did not pay to wash sheep that last season he left his ewes with lambs at home. He got just five cents more per head for the unwashed than the washed fleeces. He referred to the danger of contagious diseases, such as hoof-rot being spread by washing at a public place. Storm washing, he said, was worse than brook-washing, and he warned flock-owners against leaving out their sheep in the cold spring rains. After looking the question all over he had concluded that farmers cannot afford to wash their sheep.

Mr. James Stevens said he had always washed his sheep. Had never tried leaving them unwashed. Thought the results depended a good deal on the kind of sheep. Mr. McIlwrick thought as long as they continued to dock unwashed fleeces one-third just so long would sheep be washed. Those who owned light-fleeced open-wooled sheep could not afford to sell their wool unwashed. The rule of the wool buyers is like that of the butter buyers. It does not make any difference about the quality of the butter, it all goes at one price. Just so with wool. He mentioned instances where farmers had lost heavily by not washing.

Mr. J. M. Thornton being called out said he thought it would not be profitable for a man who had light fleeces to sell it unwashed, because the dockage is too heavy. But it was not natural for the sheep to be washed, and he did not think it was good for them. His opinion was that there were more dollars and cents in washing than in selling unwashed wool. His experience led him to think it was better to wash fine wool sheep.

Mr. Cole said if farmers all agreed on this subject and refused to wash their sheep he believed it would solve the question. Had listened to Mr. Bristol's paper, and thought his conclusions correct. Not only was washing bad for the sheep but it was dangerous to the health of the wash-

ers. The paper, he thought, had covered the whole ground.

The President asked Mr. Ingles for his opinion, as he sometimes bought wool. Mr. Ingles said he only bought wool on the sheep's back. He thought the great mistake was in docking all fleeces alike. President Phillips said that four years ago he was at the Romeo shearing and looked over the fleeces carefully. "I saw Mr. John Thompson's wool and Mr. Thornton's and I took particular notice of it as being the finest unwashed wool I had ever seen. It seems to me that without washing it was whiter than I could possibly make mine by washing, and still they had to take the same reduction as other men who had many very greasy sheep."

Mr. Gibbons said the trouble was largely in the present system of buying. Buyers work on commission, and the more pounds they buy the more money they make. They adopt an arbitrary rule—such a price for washed wool, and one-third less for unwashed. Some farmers take no care of their sheep, the fleeces get full of all kinds of dirt, while others keep their flocks in good shape. These latter fleeces are worth a great deal more than the dirty ones, but they must all go at the same price. The buyer makes up on the clean fleeces what he loses on the dirty ones. He has, under the present system of buying, to adopt this course to protect himself. He cannot handle each fleece and price it according to its merits.

Mr. N. G. Reid said he was totally opposed to the washing of sheep as a very nonsensical business. He said that sheep which will shear eight pounds of wool unwashed, if sold upon the basis of 30 cents a pound for washed and 20 cents a pound for unwashed, will make a difference of 50 cents a sheep in favor of washing instead of letting them dock the wool. He believed that sheep which will shear eight pounds of clear wool—ordinarily clear—will not wash more than one pound away as usually washed, or more than two at most. This idea of merchants coming in and buying wool that will shear from 12 to 20 lbs., docking it a third and docking eight lb. fleeces the same amount is a black shame.

Mr. Duell said he must side with the majority against the practice of washing sheep. The fact of the business is when you come to figure it all up, you have to remember that it injures the lambs; you must figure in the damage done to the person who washes the sheep; the loss of sheep before you get home, as generally some die on the road. When he was raising sheep we could hardly sell wool unless it was washed, and he thought the idea to stop washing a good suggestion.

Mr. Van Hoosen favored washing because there was more money in it, and that was what he was after. We cannot afford not to wash sheep; besides it was clean, and cleanliness was next to godliness. He washed, and he washed his sheep, and he should have to continue it as long as wool was bought as at present. He had never had a lamb die, and the people who washed them did not die either.

Mr. Norton said the fine wool men did not like to wash their sheep as it mixes the oil with the fleece. He took the position that washing did not hurt the sheep, and it brought him more money to wash them. If we wash the sheep clean there will be no docking. Since we have got to raise these fine wool sheep they hate to wash them because they are kept dry all the year round and this oil gets in the ends of the wool; if we wash them it only mixes it up with the wool, hence they did not want to wash them. But there is a cheat in it, and the man that buys the wool loses by it. While in New York this past summer he had visited a good many farmers who raise a large number of sheep. They had two and three years' clips on hand, all unwashed. The buyers had bought all the washed wool and left the unwashed clips alone. They only buy it when they get out of other wools. Let us wash our wool and our fine wool sheep will not stand the test, if they have not got the constitution, or, in other words, if their wool being thick and gummy on the ends and it gets in the wool and spoils it, let us keep our fine wool sheep out of the water; then we get from 10 to 20 per cent more for our wool by washing.

Mr. Bristol said he thought many of the speakers had taken a wrong stand in the discussion. The claim that wool which is washed will bring 30 cents a pound and unwashed wool will bring 20 cents is all nonsense. The last time he washed he had 49 fleeces and he washed it as clean as he could, and they docked him 13 fleeces. Thinks there are but few farmers in the country but have had the same experience.

Mr. McIlwrick said it wool-growers would all unite and agree not to wash it would be all right. But as it is, with the present arbitrary way of buying it would not do for a few to attempt it.

Mr. Bristol said that after you get west of the Mississippi River there is no washing done, and it is the same at the east. This washing is confined to a few States, and it seems to me that if they can go without it in other parts of the country they can here.

[We have purposely given a pretty full report of the discussion of this subject,

because it is timely, and will serve to start other wool-growers associations to looking up the subject. We think there could be a great improvement in the present system of buying, and if a change is necessary it must come from the wool-growers themselves.—ED. FARMER.]

"Grades or Throughbreds for the Average Farmer," a paper by E. D. A. True, of Armada took the ground that the time was not distant when thoroughbreds would be generally kept by farmers. He gave an idea of what he thought the history of the change would be, and humorously alluded to the position Macomb Co. would take in the change, leading all others, and wool-growers from all the Territories and foreign nations rushing to that County for stock to improve their flocks.

Some discussion followed this paper as to what style of sheep the farmer should rely upon, and all classes of fine wool and cross-bred Down and Merino sheep had their advocates.

Two papers on the tariff followed. The first was by Hon. John M. Norton, of Rochester, and was entitled, "Is High Protective Tariff Beneficial to the great number of Farmers?" The other side was presented by Mr. Mason Cole of Romeo, and was entitled, "A Protective Tariff Needful to the Best Interests of the Wool-growers and to our National Prosperity." Mr. Norton sustained his position as favoring free trade in a masterly manner, supported by Mr. James Stevens and Mr. McIlwrick. The tariff side was ably presented by Mr. Cole, who spoke without notes. No sooner were the two leaders through than a dozen excited men wanted the floor, but President Phillips calmed the rising storm, and for the next hour the battle raged fiercely. The free traders were few, but were all the more stubborn, and it required the force of numbers to make any impression on them. Marble Hall looked like a field day in the House of Representatives.

The last charge was made by Mr. Van Hoosen on the protective side, and he carried all before him. An adjournment followed to enable the members to cool off and get supper.

In the evening Mr. A. D. Taylor sent in a short paper entitled "What Shall the Coming Sheep Be?" which described the ideal sheep of the future. Of course it was a Merino. It was a large sheep, however, carried a heavy fleece, but the fleece was wool. The carcass was large, and it made a good quality of mutton. He spoke of the increase in size and weight of carcass that had been made since the days of Hammond, and the great increase in the weight of fleece, and believed the improvement could be continued with firm ground.

Messrs. Wm. Graham, A. B. Maynard, and others, gave their ideas of what they considered the best sheep. Mr. Graham made a strong showing for the Down sheep, and gave figures of how they had paid him. The lambs were quick of growth, brought the best prices, and the sheep were strong, vigorous and prolific.

Some present spoke of their experience with cross-bred sheep, using a ram of the mutton breeds on their Merino ewes. The first cross was a good one, but the next one, no matter which way they went, was a poor specimen of a sheep, with the fleece of such a mixed character that no one wanted to buy it. The experience related seemed to be in favor of always using a thoroughbred sire of any breed, and never following up a cross, sending all the cross-breeds to the block.

"The Future Prospect of the Merinos," a paper by R. Gibbons, followed. The paper took the ground that the future was all right for good sheep, but not poor ones. Wool was cheap, and more wool must be grown per head to make it pay. Flocks should be culled and every light-fleeced sheep sent to the shambles. Non-breeders should be weeded out, and not one kept that would not bring up a lamb each year. This was the weak spot of the Merinos, and it needed the attention of breeders. With more mutton and wool on less legs the future of the Merino was as bright as it ever had been. The future was largely in the hands of breeders, and if they did their duty the future of the Merino was assured.

After some discussion of the paper the meeting adjourned, closing a very interesting and instructive meeting. The next day was spent in looking over some of the flocks of the neighborhood, of which we shall say something hereafter.

#### Inquiries Answered.

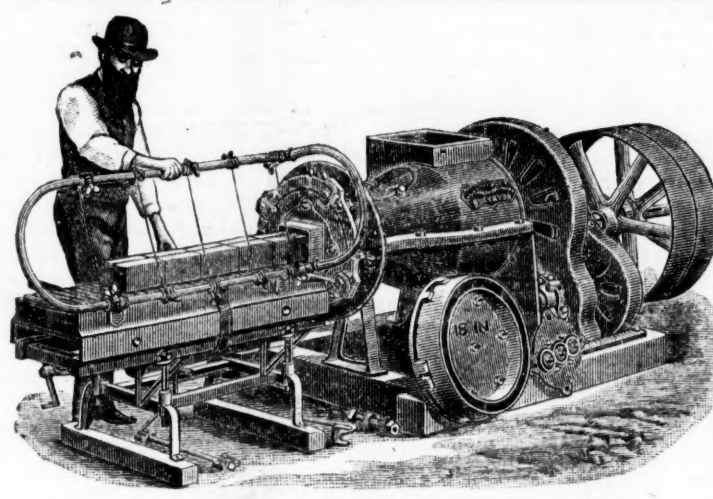
HILLDALE, Mich., March 4, 1886.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

1. The inquirer in regard to the habits of sheep must be a poor observer or he must have very wild sheep. I frequently find Merinos asleep. I have known the whole flock, save one, to leave the barn and that one to be so soundly asleep that I could approach and sometimes give a shake before it would awaken.

2. Let inquirer take some good work on botany and study the manner of plant growth. If he is not satisfied thereby, let him make accurate measurements of different sized saplings and watch their progress for four or five years.

3. In regard to corn there is no way of telling from appearance. Let inquirer take a pan of dirt and plant a hundred kernels and wait for results.

J. A. BARTHOLOMEW.



The Acme New Brick and Tile Machine.

#### FARMING VS. MILLING.

Since writing the article on "Going to Mill" in the issue for Nov. 24th of the FARMER, which, by the way, aroused as much attention among millers as it did among farmers, I have had my attention called to some other matters which form a sort of sequel to the former article. Both millers and farmers are equally interested in the crops of grain, as their profits come directly or indirectly from these staples, and it would seem that their profits should in a measure be uniform, or share and share alike. There doubtless should be some exception to this in the millers' favor to compensate for the added risk to milling property, over that of farm property, but the percent of profit to each, between the sowing of the seed and the threshed grain, and the grain and the finished product from the mill, needs adjustment. The average cost of a bushel of wheat to the farmer, as appears from the investigations of the State Department through its system of crop reports for last year, was 71 cents from seed to delivery; 30 per cent on this cost brings the wheat to 85 cents, which is somewhat higher than the average price at the delivery points in the State since the markets for the crop year have opened, but for convenience we will call wheat 85 cents. The greatest amount of grain any of the mills are willing to give for a bushel of wheat is 35 lbs. of flour, 10 lbs. of bran and two pounds of middlings. The toll on this bushel of wheat, if sold at the rates now charged for flour and feed, will bring at least 184 cents, and this is within a small fraction of 22 per cent for an hour's handling of the wheat, against the year which must elapse before the farmer can realize upon his investment of labor and capital.

I have before me the Grand Rapids Daily Democrat of Dec. 10th, in which are reports from 22 different flouring mills, giving the amounts of flour, bran and middlings allowed for a bushel of wheat. These reports run all the way from 40 lbs. of flour, ten of bran and two of middlings at Rockford, down to 34 lbs. of flour and no offal at the City Mills at Grand Rapids. I have averaged the figures and find that 36.8 lbs. of flour, 10.2 lbs. of bran, and 1.8 lbs. of middlings, or 48.8 lbs. of grain are given for a bushel of wheat. The 48.8 lbs. represents the 85 cents which the bushel of wheat is worth to the farmers in flour and feed. This leaves 11.2 lbs. in the millers' hands for toll, out of the 60 lbs. brought. If we allow one pound for waste, and one-fifth pound for evaporation, which is a fair estimate, the miller has thus taken 16 1/2 per cent, instead of ten, or one pound in six, instead of one pound in ten, as the law prescribes. The waste in a bushel of wheat is not an entire loss, but always turns up in the feed sold by the miller, so that nothing but the evaporation, which in well cured wheat is a minute fraction, is unavailable. This toll, if sold at the quotable rate for flour and meal stuffs at the mill, would bring a bushel of wheat at the same rate to \$1.20 per bushel. The millers at Grand Rapids and at other places in the State exchange such a quantity of flour, which if sold at the current rates would bring the price of a bushel of wheat; so that the farmer is obliged to sell his wheat and buy his flour at a price fixed for both at the mill. It is claimed that by the roller process of making flour, a bushel of wheat can now be made to bring \$1.25. The toll for grinding grist is established by law at 10 per cent. If this was more strictly adhered to and the farmer received his proportion of the profits, his wheat would now be worth more than \$1 per bushel, but between producer and the consumer, stands man's cupidity in lieu of law, that takes more than 40 per cent of the profits of the farmer's product, or exacts an undue profit from a bushel of wheat the roller process will make 47 lbs. of flour, nine pounds of bran and three pounds of middlings, or 59 lbs. of merchantable product. This represents average wheat, the odd pound going off in screenings, dust and evaporation. Of this 47 lbs. of flour, 20 per cent will be patent, and sell at 50 cents per 100 lbs., or a dollar per barrel more than staple flour. There is also three per cent of this flour that is

rated as low grade, and sells for a dollar per barrel less than the staple. In other words, from an output of 100 barrels manufactured at a roller mill, 20 barrels will sell for \$6 per bbl., three barrels for \$4, and the 77 bbls. for \$5. The 100 barrels from 425 1/2 bushels of wheat brings \$517, or \$1.21 per bushel for the flour, and the offal representing 84 cents more, at \$13 and \$18 per ton respectively. These are figures that farmers seldom have access to, and it is well for them to ponder them, and be prepared for any incursions upon their rights.

A. C. G.

#### CORN.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The recent discussion of the corn question in the columns of the FARMER has, to me, proved both interesting and instructive. Much has already been written upon the subject, and most of it has been well written. It is a great subject. The cornfield is a very wide one, occupying in 1884, in our country, no less than 69,683,780 acres of ground as against 39,475,885 acres of wheat. In yield of bushels the superiority of the corn crop is still more remarkable, being of corn 1,795,528,432, against 512,763,900 bushels of wheat. Thus it will be seen that the wheat crop of our country as compared with our corn, is, in quantity, less than thirty per cent. In their cash value the comparison stands as follows: Corn, \$840,735,839; wheat, \$330,861,250. And when we take into consideration the further fact, that our corn crop, in bushels, greatly exceeds that of all other of our cultivated grains combined, it becomes apparent that this corn question is one of stupendous magnitude. Every-body raises corn, and almost every one thinks he knows how to do it. It is safe to say that not one out of ten who are engaged in the business thoroughly understand it. If the remaining nine-tenths throughout the country understood and practiced it as well as does the one-tenth, it is safe to assert that it would add at least five hundred million bushels to the quantity produced each year. The very fact that such immense quantities of corn are produced, where so much in different cultivation is practiced, speaks in the strongest and most unmistakable language, the value of the crop, its tenacity of life and its remarkable adaptability to this country of ours. Almost all other crops are more local in their character. Corn seems indigenous everywhere, except in the extreme north. On the mountain sides and in the valleys, on clay and sand and loam and muck, this great national crop of ours is at home. And yet, the price of a first rate crop of corn, like "the price of liberty, is eternal vigilance." The man who goes into the field to raise a corn crop has a host of enemies to contend with, and he should "gird on his armor for the conflict."

Drouths and floods and frosts stare him in the face; myriads of weeds, the birds of the air and the insect world are all arrayed against him. But if he fights the battle valiantly he is almost sure to be victorious. First, let him manure bountifully, for there is no fear of making land too rich for corn. Next, he should plow well; no general rule as to depth can be laid down, the soil and circumstances must govern. A deep plowing, which on a strong clay soil might prove the salvation of the crop, might on a light sandy soil destroy the possibility of raising a good crop for several years. If you have a blue grass sod to turn under, plow as deep as you think the nature of the soil will admit; and a harrow should be applied lengthwise of the furrow, to fill every crevice with fine earth, thus smothering the grass before it has time to get breath. It is generally best to use the roller before the harrow, on all grass lands, or those where blue grass abounds. The more perfect you can make the seed bed the better, both for the ease of after culture and the crop. As to distance of rows apart, experience and observation are gradually narrowing my views. I believe that if every farmer in Michigan would adopt three and a half feet there would be a good deal more corn raised than there now is, and certain it is we should have more and better fodder. Nor do I believe that the dent requires any more room than our flint varieties for this reason. Plant four kernels of dent, and

if all is right you will have just four stalks and no more, but plant four kernels of flint, and if all is right, soil strong and season good, you frequently get ten or a dozen stalks, and sometimes twenty; the suckering process being unknown to the dent varieties.

#### SEED.

I need say little about the manner of sowing seed; that branch of the subject has already been considered, ably, and often—until the great secret is, I think, becoming generally understood, that seed corn should never be allowed to freeze until every particle of moisture is fairly dried out of it. Whether the ears are picked from the hill, or selected from the heap in the field, or the wagon at the corn house, matters not; neither does it matter whether the husks are left on to trace it up, or whether it be dried on scaffolds, whether in house, barn or corn house, provided the drying process is thorough and effectual, for on this drying before freezing the life of the seed depends.

And now a few words as to variety— which in the main is simply a question of latitude—and permit me here to say in outst those of us who live too near the North Pole better not be fooling away our time on house plants. The dent varieties may succeed well in the three southern tiers of counties, but this side of that line the flint varieties, for a long series of years, are the safest, surest and best. Sometimes we happen to get a good crop of dent as far north as our county of Tuscola, and then one such good cropures on to half a dozen failures. A few years ago an importation of "Hathaway dent," from Little Prairie, Rhode into our neighborhood resulted the first season in stalks 13 feet high, and 130 bushels of ears to the acre. Next spring the seed was in great demand, and scores of farmers tried it. But lo, when the harvest came not one ear of it matured suitable for seed. And so farewell to "Hathaway dent." There is a prevailing, mistaken idea that the dent corn is very much more prolific than the flint varieties. If all the cases were carefully collected in which corn has produced 100 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, it is my opinion that a majority of them will be found to have been of the flint varieties. The dent produces the largest stalks and ears, while the flint makes up by its vastly increased numbers. Right here in Tuscola County the "smut nose" and yellow red glaze are probably the most popular varieties, numbers of our farmers averaging their hundred bushels of ears to the acre, and instances are well authenticated of 130 to 150 bushels.

The battle for life fairly commences when corn is up so you can just see to trace the rows. Now let the farmer prepare to "live in his corn field" for the next six weeks. If rains have formed a crust upon the surface of the ground, that crust must be broken before there can be any healthy growth. If not, and the corn starts vigorously, the weeds are sure to start with equal vigor. Give the corn the start of the weeds now, and the most difficult problem is solved. Keep the soil loose and friable by frequent, and I might say constant cultivation. A loose soil in a wet time readily absorbs surplus moisture, while in a dry time it absorbs and treasures up the slight rains and damps of night for the benefit of the crop under parching noonday sun. And right here is one secret which the farming world too little understand. It is that the atmospheric moisture inhaled by a mellow soil carries with it an untold amount of fertilizing principle, the whys and wherefores of which I leave to Dr. Kedzie. In our locality the "Johnson smoothing harrow" is unknown, but that or some similar implement must come. The "Grass Hopper" and three shovel cultivator and single horse is the order of the day up here, and with them we make some very good crops. But a fine, light sweeping harrow, which would finely pulverize the surface, and yet not reach deep enough to uproot the corn, would greatly diminish the labor of cultivation.

Now, when the corn is hoed the farmer must turn his attention to other interests for now the battle thickens, and he must look a good many ways at once. And right here comes in one great trouble, when he gets away he stays too long. His summer fallow, or other multifarious work, and many times the cutting and securing of his early clover, rob the corn of his services when most needed, for until the corn is fully silked and set for ears, and tall enough to eclipse both man and horse, the labor of cultivation should never be thought finished. The farmer who sooner quits the field yields the battle before the victory is fairly won, as his corn basket account is certain to prove in the day of harvest. Now, I don't suppose that all this persevering vigilance is necessary to secure a corn crop in our more southern latitudes; but here, with our shorter summers, everything depends upon it. But with judicious selection of soil and seed, aided by persevering and intelligent cultivation, we have no surer nor more profitable crop than corn.

In conclusion, and in support of what I have said in favor of the flint varieties of corn, as compared with the dent, I here submit a table, from the Agricultural Re-

ports of the Patent Office for the year 1884, page 481.

State.	Yield per Acre.	State.	Yield per Acre.
Maine.....	21.6	Texas.....	11.3
New Hampshire.....	36.5	Arkansas.....	15.6
Vermont.....	36.5	Mississippi.....	31.6
Massachusetts.....	35.7	West Virginia.....	24.9
Rhode Island.....	31.4	Kentucky.....	24.1
Connecticut.....	33.7	Ohio.....	34.1
New York.....	33.2	Michigan.....	33.8
New Jersey.....	32.4	Indiana.....	31.4
Pennsylvania.....	33.2	Illinois.....	30.7
Delaware.....	19.3	Wisconsin.....	35.7
Maryland.....	24.0	Minnesota.....	33.8
Virginia.....	16.5	Iowa.....	41.6
North Carolina.....	12.2	Missouri.....	41.6
South Carolina.....	9.0	Kansas.....	30.9
Georgia.....	9.0	Nebraska.....	40.1
Florida.....	8.8	California.....	27.8
Alabama.....	12.4	Oregon.....	29.5
Mississippi.....	12.8	Nebraska.....	28.5
Louisiana.....	13.3	Colorado.....	19.6

This table is worthy the careful consideration of the farmers of Michigan, and of the entire North. It conclusively shows that some of the best corn crops are found where the dent varieties are unknown. It will be seen that while Iowa leads off with an average of 41 bu., Nebraska follows with 40 bu., and then come New Hampshire and Vermont with 36 bu., each, and Illinois the same, and then comes in Michigan as the sixth State, and leading the other 33 States of the Union, with an average of 35 bu. to the acre.

The trouble with Michigan farmers on the corn question is two-fold; they should plant more acres and cultivate better. If our farmers understood corn as well as they do wheat we might raise fifty million bushels a year instead of half that sum, as at present.

OLD GENESEE.

Westonia, Feb. 18, 1886.

#### THE PAULAR ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The Merino sheep-breeders who organized the American Paular Association intended that it should become a national institution. Their object was two-fold; first to secure a more perfect and thorough registration of sheep than has hitherto been accomplished; second, to stimulate a well directed effort among breeders to preserve the families and blood lines of the great American Paular sires that are given a family name and distinction in the Register, believing that all distinction among Merino sheep of to-day should be grouped in families under the head of some great sire. As distinction as a matter of course will always be maintained in every variety of improved live stock, we are but placing the Merino sheep interest abreast of the horse and cattle interest by establishing the above named distinctions under the head of great sires. A meeting of the Association for the election of officers who shall hold for the coming two years was held at West Cornwall, Vt., on Wednesday, Jan. 27. Vermont was represented by Henry C. Burwell, E. D. Morrison, J. J. Crane, Edgar Sanford, H. E. Sanford, W. R. Remcle and S. S. Rockwell; New York by John P. Ray. The Secretary in his report referred to the great depression in the sheep and wool industry, and the causes which have brought about this unsatisfactory condition of things.

The woolen manufacturers were largely held responsible for the great depression, owing to the almost universal practice of using shoddy and other worthless material which day after day the number of pounds of healthy and strong American grown wool. To correct this evil laws should be enacted in each State that shall require all manufacturers of woolen fabrics and dealers in goods and clothing to label the same to correspond with the materials entering into the manufacture, giving the per cent of each.

Other matters of special interest to the Association were briefly alluded to. The manuscript for the first volume of the Register is in course of preparation, and will be pushed to completion in the near future. The officers elected were as follows: President, Henry C. Burwell, Bridport, Vt.; Vice-President, Samuel Shropshire, Newark, N. Y.; Secretary, John P. Ray, Hemlock Lake, N. Y.; Treasurer, H. E. Sanford, West Cornwall, Vt.; Executive Committee, Edgar Sanford, West Cornwall, Vt.; Chas. R. Case, West Bloomfield, N. Y.; Members of the Executive Committee for other States will be appointed by the Executive Board, and their names announced in the future.

HEMLOCK LAKE, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1886.

JOHN P. RAY, Secretary.

#### The Acme New Brick and Tile Machine.

We are pleased to present to our readers an illustration of a machine which, as its name indicates, is the "Acme" of this class of machines for making different ware out of clay. It comes highly recommended from the "American Machinist" and "Iron" of London, England.

The machine is constructed either with a roller clay crusher on top, or without. Various new improved cutting tables are furnished with it to suit the many articles for which it is designed. It makes pipes or draft tile from the smallest to 30 inches in diameter, building blocks and brick of all shapes and sizes up to 18 inches across. The brick can be handled and haked direct from the machine, being very stiff, perfect and solid. The capacity is from 30,000 to 25,000 brick per day. The construction is such that tile can be made without cracked to hold the cores or with it if desired. It is easily kept in order, the shafts being all steel and the boxes of the best anti-friction metal. It is made by Frey, Scheuch & Hoover, Bayreuth, O., who will cheerfully furnish further information on application.



## The Horse.

### Horses for Profit.

There is no more profitable stock to raise than horses, always provided you raise good ones. If a mare be carefully handled she will do nearly as much work and raise a colt as though not bred, and it costs much less to raise a good horse than to buy one. It costs no more aside from the service of the horse to raise a colt to three years than a steer to the same age. After the colt is three years old he will pay his way and at four or five years will sell for twice as much—ordinarily—as the steer. If a farmer would keep four mares and breed two for fall colts and two for spring he could carry on a large farm with the mares and young horses and have horses to sell each year. I think a fall colt is less tax on the mare and better in many respects than a spring colt. A colt weaned in spring with a long pasture season before it will be larger at a year old than one weaned in the fall and entering the winter at six months old instead of a year, as is the fall colt. A colt born in September or October can be weaned in February, and the mare will be in good condition for spring work. Every mare raising a colt should have a roomy box stall, and not be tied.

The colt should be halter-broke when a week old and then allowed to follow the mother be led at his side. Accustom the mother to work without his following her, and when plowing near enough to the stable leave it there and take the mare in the middle of each half day, to let it suck, or tie it in the shade at the side of the field. A colt thoroughly halter-broke before it is weaned is half broken. Until your colts are three years old winter them in box stalls; you can keep two together in a stall 8x10 feet, let them out a few hours for exercise every pleasant day, feed very little corn but give all the good bright hay or fodder they will eat, and four quarts of oats and bran a day with an occasional feed of sweet oats and in cold weather one ear of corn each. Do not stint their food, but do not try to make them fat. The pasture for them should have pure water, shade, and a variety of grasses, and should not be overstocked. I think a majority of the colts in the corn belt are permanently injured by overfeeding with corn, and many of them are allowed to stand in the stable for weeks at a time without exercise.—Waldo F. Brown, in N. Y. Tribune.

### Longevity in Horses.

The longevity of horses depends greatly upon the care they receive when young. A horse that passes the age of 25 or 30 years is sound and fit for service is rather a curiosity now, and yet naturalists tell us that the natural life of a horse should be more years than these. An English writer refers to one he knows which lived to 47 years, having all the time a ball in his neck, receiving in the battle of Preston Pans, in the rebellion of 1715, which was extracted at his death in 1758; thus, judging him to be four years old at the time he received the wound—and it was probable he was more—he must at his death have been 47. But even these venerables, he says, were babies to the barge-horse of the Mersey and Irwell navigation, which was well known to have been in his sixty-second year when he died. It will be noticed by the observer that the horses which attain these ripe old ages are not those which have been pampered and have led an idle life, but in most instances they are horses that have had steady employment from one year's end to the other. It will also be observed that they have generally been in the hands of men who have given them proper care and attention and have been regular as well as careful in their attentions. This sustains the idea that more horses "rust out" and are killed by hard management than die at the expiration of a natural lifetime. By careful observation it will also be noticed that horses which live to a ripe old age and retain their vitality, action and usefulness to the end are generally well-bred, or at least have some warm blood in their veins. If, then, we are enabled to add five or ten years to the life and usefulness of a horse, and that too at the time he can be most useful and safe, it should be apparent to all that it pays well to breed and raise the best classes possible, and to treat them properly after they are raised.

### Breeding Trotters.

Success in breeding speedy roadsters probably depends quite as much upon the individual merits of the ancestors of the stallions and mares used for stock purposes as upon the combination of blood lines which they possess. Atavism, or the tendency to throw back to near or remote ancestors, is a frequent cause of disappointment to those who have selected their breeding stock solely on account of pedigree. This important factor is the one most liable to be overlooked by inexperienced breeders, many of whom are usually satisfied to know that the size, form, gait, color, disposition and blood lines of the mare and stallion are up to the standard, hence neglect to investigate the character of the sire and dam, grandfathers and grandams for four or five generations back, to see if there existed among them any that were unsound in limbs or feet, that lacked substance, form, quality or nerve force, that were deficient in pluck or endurance, that showed a tendency to shy, balk, kick, or possessed other objectionable characteristics.

The breeder who neglects to inform himself upon these points when selecting stock is liable to find himself situated like the farmer who bought a strange pair of oxen. The seller, while effecting the trade, was thoroughly absorbed in calling attention to the good points of the cattle and in dilating upon their excellent qualities. After the money had been paid over and the purchaser was out of hearing, the seller suddenly exclaimed: "There! I forgot to tell him that those oxen will jump fences; but never mind, he will find that out when he turns them to pasture." Just so with the breeder of roadsters or trotters who selects his stock solely on account of a fashionable combination of blood lines, regardless of the characteristics of their

ancestors. If any of the defects above mentioned exist in the family he will be pretty sure to find it out before he has bred long, for a certain proportion of the progeny will be likely to throw back and inherit the objectionable features.—American Cultivator.

### Horse Ghosts.

THE Orosco Times notices the sale by Mr. Reed, of that place to Signa parties, of Calcutta, by Passaic, dam unknown.

The trotting stallion Monaco, brother to Wedgewood, recently died from peritonitis. He was owned by C. F. Emery, of Cleveland, Ohio.

It is reported that Melton, the winner of the English Derby of 1885, has broken down. He has not been entered for any races this season.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, will sell 100 head of trotting stock at auction in New York City, during the month of May. The young stock are from Electioneer, General Benton, and Piedmont.

The recent sale of thoroughbreds owned by Pierre Lorillard, at Johnstown, N. J., was a notable one. Twenty-seven head were sold, and brought an aggregate of \$149,050, an average of about \$5,520 per head.

PERCHERON HORSES.—Hundreds of stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be better understood from the estimate that the first cross of the Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The accomplishment of these grand results is greatly due to the energy of one man, to whom the American people are greatly indebted, he having imported and distributed to almost every State and territory nearly 2,000 Percheron horses. A visit to Mr. M. W. Danham's "Oakland Farm," at Wayne, Illinois, will give new ideas of the magnitude of the horse improvement of the country.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Coldwater Republican, referring to a horse owned there says: "The breeding of this young stallion is high and comes to him through special-producing members of first class families which is the great point to look after in any pedigree. The day for figuring the number of crosses to Messenger, Diomed or Godolphin Arabian has passed away." This is queer logic.

Did not Messenger, Diomed and Godolphin Arabian produce speed? If a horse descends from them through good individuals would he not be all the better for such backing. The day for figuring these crosses may have passed away, but it is singular how the greatest performers and the greatest sires continue to run back to those strains. But perhaps they were not "speed" producing members of great families.

"VERITAS," of the Chicago Horseman, exemplifies the influence of the pool-brood on the trotting turf with the following story: "Taking up the question of pool-selling, we long ago advocated that true knowledge as to the betting before the start and from heat to heat was the best field glass. We have seen a horse win the first heat in good style and sell for even money over the field. He won the second heat in faster time, with speed to spare, and then sold at a rate of 100 to \$40 and the field dropped to \$30. Presently the field end reacted and step by step took an upward flight until it had the call, and while the horses were scoring the favorite's name was a drag in the market. I watched the driver closely. He played his part well; but let the second horse out-trot his charge beyond the wire and to make assurance doubly sure kept his horse in a tangled break on the back stretch but made a great feat at the finish. He trotted this heat just 7½ seconds slower than the previous one. The race was started late in the day. The horse was left in his charge over night. A new driver was put up but of course he lost the race. The point is clear. Had the judges paid attention to the betting and lectured the driver severely he would have won the third heat and the race. The moral is, if the driver fails to win after fair warning, punish him, no matter what his creed, name or influence may be."

## The Farm.

### THE POTATO ROT.

(A lecture delivered before the Washington Pomological Society by Prof. W. M. Spaulding, of the University of Michigan.)

The potato rot, which has been widely prevalent in Michigan and other Northern States the present year, is the same disease that has previously attacked the potato crop in this country and Western Europe, and in some years, notably in 1842 and 1845, occasioned its almost complete destruction.

The disease is caused by the growth of a parasitic fungus, *Phytophthora infestans*, which grows in every part of the potato plant, especially in the leaf and tuber, and by feeding upon the nutritive materials in the cells of the potato causes its exhaustion and subsequent decay.

The fungus in question has been most carefully studied by Dr. A. DeBary, of Strasburg, and by other competent botanists, and there is probably no parasitic disease of any cultivated plant better understood than the potato rot. In view of its present wide prevalence and destructive nature the leading facts concerning the nature of this disease should be clearly stated, and the attention of the farming community directed to the means for its prevention.

The fungus appears on the potato tops about the middle of summer as a fine, delicate mould, forming little white patches on the under side of the leaves, and spreading from thence to the stalks, if the atmospheric conditions are such as to favor its development. It flourishes only in moist weather and makes little or no progress in dry weather. The white patches, just described, are soon succeeded by a discoloration of the leaf, due to the fact that the fungus has exhausted the tissues attacked by it, so that the spots now appear brown and dead. If the greater part of the tops have moulded, as may happen in bad seasons like the summer of 1885, the functions of the leaves may be so far interfered with as to prevent the further development of the tubers, or if the tubers have already attained their full development, they may themselves be attacked by the fungus while still in the ground, and become diseased before they are harvested. If the weather has not been wet for some time before harvesting the crop, the diseased condition of the tuber shows itself in the

form of "dry rot." This may or may not be manifest on the outside. In the case of white varieties, the White Star for example, it shows very plainly the parts affected, being dark colored and more or less shrunken and hardened. In dark varieties with a thicker skin, it may be necessary to cut the potato open in order to ascertain whether it is sound or not, and although the disease may sometimes be present without showing itself plainly, it is safe to say that it can be recognized very readily by the brown discoloration of some portion of the potato affected by it. If, instead of being kept dry, the tuber has lain in wet ground some time before digging, or is placed in a damp cellar, it sooner or later passes into the condition known as "wet rot." This is only a later stage of the disease.

The parts previously affected by the "dry rot" are dead, and consequently unable to resist decay, and if kept wet or moist they are attacked by a swarm of bacteria, and soon pass into a condition of putrefaction.

Of course no one thinks of storing or planting such rotten potatoes as these, but they are harvested, put into the cellar and planted when affected by the "dry rot," and therein lies the danger that should be guarded against.

If we cut into a potato tuber that shows the "dry rot," and make a microscopic examination of the diseased portions, we shall find finding about between the cells, and in some cases penetrating them, a collection of minute hollow filaments filled with the food materials they have drawn from the potato, while the cells around them are discolored and dead. These filaments constitute the vegetative system of the fungus, and they are capable of living in this form for an indefinite period, safely preserved in the substance of the potato, until the favorable conditions of growth present themselves. These conditions are warmth and moisture, and they are present in the spring when the potato is planted. After planting such a potato, if growth takes place, the fungus grows with the young plant.

The diseased shoots come to the surface, which presently pushes out to the surface a multitude of fruiting filaments on which are borne the innumerable spores by which it is multiplied. These are borne by the winds for miles, and in this way are carried to other potato fields in neighboring farms or townships, and so the disease spreads. The practical application of these facts is easily made:

First. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is useless to attempt to cure such a disease by applications of any powders, liquids or remedies of any sort. The disease is deep seated and will not yield to any such treatment.

Second. The great means of prevention is to avoid planting diseased tubers. Every potato that is planted should be cut open and subjected to the most careful examination to see that it shows no signs of "dry rot." Of course, even then, some may be overlooked and planted by mistake, but it is right here that the ounce of prevention is worth the pound of cure.

Third. Much may be gained by planting on a dry soil, as the disease requires moisture for its development, and has always been observed to be worse on moist clay land than on sandy soil.

Various other suggestions by different writers have been made for the prevention of the potato rot, but those given above seem to be the only really effective ones that are at the same time entirely practicable.

Mr. Erwin F. Smith, who has been assisting Prof. Spaulding in his investigations, spoke in substance as follows:

I have nothing to add to what has already been said relative to the nature of the potato rot, and the methods for its prevention. You may, however, be interested in brief consideration of its prevalence, and of the economics of the subject. The rot of 1885 was confined chiefly to a district extending westward from Upper Canada along the great lakes to Dakota, a territory about 400 miles wide by 1,500 miles long, embracing Canada, New York, Pennsylvania (?), Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. The rot was not present in noticeable degree in New England (?), South Ohio, South Illinois, Kansas or Nebraska, and so far as I know, did no serious damage anywhere in the south.

Why was this particular district singled out for visitation? There appear to be two reasons: 1. In portions, at least, of the district named the rainfall was more abundant than usual during the summer and fall, and wet weather is well known to be favorable to the spread of this disease. 2. More potatoes are grown in this district than in all the rest of North America, north of Mexico. Where the carcass is there the eagles will be gathered together. Where the potatoes are there will be the rot, because where every body grows potatoes there the fields will be near each other, and there the spores of the fungus can easily and quickly pass from field to field over a wide district, as flames pass from street to street by means of intervening buildings. It so happened last year in this particular district that the conditions of contiguity, temperature and moisture were just right to bring about luxuriant growth of the fungus, and the rot was therefore widespread and destructive. In general it was much worse on wet, low lands than on dry, sandy uplands. Early varieties rotted less than late ones.

Was the rot serious enough to warrant special consideration? Touching this question, the figures I shall give are estimates drawn from official sources, or based on correspondence with botanical and agricultural acquaintance, and may be relied on as substantially correct.

PERCENT OF CROPS DESTROYED BY POTATO ROT IN 1885.

Canada: Loss 5 to 50 per cent, or more, serious in many localities. New York: Loss in places as high as 65 per cent. Prof. A. N. Prentiss, of Cornell University, estimates the loss throughout the State at from 20 to 35 per cent. Pennsylvania: No data. Ohio: Loss in dif-

ferent counties 0 to 30 per cent, confined chiefly to north part of the State; average loss for whole State 7 per cent. Indiana: Much rot, no estimate. No crop reporting system. Illinois: Not much rot. Michigan: Loss at time of harvesting about 33 per cent. The rot continues in wet cellars and in "pits." Wisconsin: Loss believed to range from 15 to 45 per cent. No exact data; no crop reporting system such as does credit to our own State. Minnesota: Loss from one-third to one-half the crop. Iowa: Loss about 40 per cent.

The great potato States of the United States are New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa. Considerably over one half the entire crop of the United States is grown in these States. The potato crop of 1885 in the United States was estimated, in round numbers, at 170,000,000 bushels; the crop of 1883, at 208,000,000 bu. In the States most affected by the rot of 1885 the estimates on the crop of 1885 were as follows: New York—38,472,768 bu., value \$15,044,380; Michigan—11,811,979 bu., value \$4,813,911; Wisconsin—10,127,912 bu., value \$3,842,211; Minnesota—5,839,000 bu., value \$1,576,530; Iowa—13,216,868 bu., value \$3,700,723; Ohio—16,452,315 bu., value \$6,589,926.

Assuming the product of 1885 to be an average one (it was more than this), and the value of the crop to be an average value, and neglecting certain minor factors, we may assume the money loss from potato rot in these States in 1885 to have been about as follows: Michigan, \$4,000,000; New York, \$1,500,000; Wisconsin, \$1,500,000; Minnesota, \$1,500,000; Iowa, \$3,500,000; Ohio, \$6,500,000; a total loss for the six States of \$27,500,000.

These estimates may be taken for what they are worth. All I wish them to prove is that the rot is of economic importance, and this would still be true were the loss but one-half or one-third as great as I have estimated! This loss falls primarily on the potato grower, but rests eventually in good part on the consumer.

The farmer whose crop does not rot profits by the rot, and he who has suffered partial loss may partly reimburse himself by sale of the remainder at an advanced price, but the great army of consumers have no such resource. They have none to sell and must pay more for all they buy, or purchase other food instead. In either case the cost of living will be greater than before. Diseases which greatly lessen the quantity of farm products, by correspondingly increasing their price, affect the whole community, and become a matter of general concern.

It is therefore for the interest of all classes, consumers as well as producers, to have the parasitic diseases of field and garden crops studied exhaustively so that, as far as possible, these diseases may be stamped out. Hundreds of observers are investigating the parasitic diseases of man and the lower animals with this end in view, and the magnificent results already obtained by Koch, Pasteur and others, are the earnest of still greater.

Rots, rusts, smuts, blights and mildews attack many crops in the United States and annually destroy hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property, too often reducing to nothing, or less, that margin of profit (over and above expense of culture, etc.) to which every farmer and fruit grower is justly entitled as a recompense for his labor.

As yet we are very much in the dark concerning the habits of many of these parasites, and are still more in the dark when we come to discuss preventive measures. Why is this? The answer is not far to seek. Only a handful of our naturalists are at work on the problem, and these, for the most part, only in an intermittent way. Exact knowledge of the life history of plant parasites does not lie on the surface of things, and cannot be had for the mere asking. It is attained by days, months, and years of assiduous application, backed by thorough scientific training and aided by all the appliances of modern biological research. We are dealing here with organisms potent for evil, but so extremely minute that their successful study requires the strongest glasses, the most delicate manipulations, and the most exact laboratory methods. The botanists of the country stand ready to do this work as fast as means for its prosecution are forthcoming. They can not be expected to furnish both brains and money, or whatever store they may have of the former, they seldom have much of the latter. This is the gist of my thought. People are very willing to profit by information which puts money into their pockets, but slow to ask to whom they are indebted, and slower still, in these matters, to see where their own interests lie, and how by a moderate expenditure the profits so eagerly pocketed might be doubled or trebled. Doubtless, for example, the vine growers of Michigan would like to be told how to prevent the disastrous "grape rot." And why is not some one devoting his time and energy to the study of this disease and the solution of the problem, so that they may be told? It is the old story of the enemy who sowed tares while the husbandman slept. The producers are not awake to their own needs. They have not asked the State to institute such inquiries, nor in those institutions where there is a feeble beginning of such investigation, have they ever been specially interested to see that ample means are provided for its prosecution. Microscopes and the necessary laboratory appliances cost money. Money is fundamental; nothing can be done without it. The scientific man cannot evolve laboratories; microscopes, reference libraries and costly apparatus out of his inner consciousness! He is ready to furnish methods, to devote his time to patient and laborious inquiry, but the necessary mechanical equipment must be supplied by the people for whom the work is done. What is our own State doing to foster this line of investigation? What ought it to do? It is doing practically very little. It should do much. Biological work goes begging at the University of Michigan, and is thankful if it gets a crust. What interest in this matter have the members of this society and of similar

societies in other parts of Michigan? How much active, working, talking, and voting interest have they? How much interest have the people at large in such questions? I take it a great and increasing interest. The people have a right to demand that such studies shall be generously provided for, and it is the duty of every man who believes in such work to speak out openly and boldly so that a right public sentiment shall be created. Sooner or later Regents and Boards of Agriculture must cease to ask: "What's the use of studying all these weeds?" "What's the botany good for?" and kindred foolish questions; and Congress and State Legislatures will come to understand the practical importance of biological studies of all sorts, and particularly of such as directly concern the well-being of the whole community.

### Agricultural Items.

Farmer's Institutes are to be taken as an indication, Michigan has been enjoying an "agricultural revival" this winter.

The Eastern Ohio Shorthorn Breeders' Association holds semi-annual stock sales of animals owned by its members, so far with success, and complete satisfaction to sellers and buyers.

The New York Experiment Station promotes the White Norway, White Russian and New Zealand oats the same variety. Another variety is known as White Australian, White Belgic, New Australian, Welcome and Race Horse.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman advises those who wish to raise cheap pork never to carry a hog through the winter. There is more money in keeping one animal well fed for ten or eleven months and getting 350 or 400 pounds of nice pork, than to keep more animals eighteen months and get no larger returns.

An Ohio correspondent claims that radishes may be grown in a very few days by the following method: Let good seed soak in water for 24 hours, then put it in a bag and expose it to the sun. In the course of a day germination will begin. The seed must then be sowed in a well manured hot-bed and watered from time to time with lukewarm water. By this treatment the radishes will in a very short time acquire a sufficient bulk to be good to eat.

The National Stockman believes forage crops should receive more attention than has been usual. Many of these crops are really the most profitable that can be grown on farms where stock raising is largely engaged in, and it is a wonder that farmers do not more generally engage in growing them. Corn fodder, alfalfa, oats and peas, millet, etc., produce enormous growth of succulent and valuable food, at comparatively small cost. There is hardly a season when there is a necessity for a scarcity of rough feed, if there was a proper appreciation of the crops mentioned. Usually when there is a failure of the hay crop there is a spell of weather later in the season that will mature a crop of millet, Hungarian grass or fodder, and if a crop of fodder, etc., is sown early in the season, together with the hay crop, there could scarcely be a failure to have abundance of feed.

In Col. Wilson's address on the subject of "Drainage," before the New England Farmers' Club, reported in the Massachusetts *Register*, he gave the following instance of the practical result of freeing the soil from superfluous water: There were three fields side by side. One was not drained at all; the second was underdrained to a depth of three feet, and the third was underdrained to a depth of four feet. The field that was drained to the depth of four feet gave a most beautiful yield of wheat and the harvest gave a kernel of good weight. The one that was drained three feet gave less kernel and less weight, but more stalk and straw. The one not drained at all made a variation of from seven to nine bushels in favor of the most thoroughly and completely drained land. A meadow which we acquired in some of our operations in drainage measured about 10 or 11 acres and was acquired as an outlet for the drainage of 25 or 30 acres. We had to purchase the eleven acre meadow and it was of very little value, never yielding anything except coarse grass. After we drained it the whole showed immediate improvement. We underdrained it so thoroughly that it was perfectly dry corn land. It yielded 37 bushels of shelled corn to the acre the first year it was planted, and it was cultivated in the same manner as any other corn both as to manure and care.

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# MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—  
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## The Michigan Farmer

—AND—  
STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.  
DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1886.

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### WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 102,639 bu., against 51,073 bu., the previous week and 136,035 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 40,505 bu., against 41,945 bu. the previous week, and 44,583 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,293,669 bu., against 2,337,407 last week and 1,994,173 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on February 27 was 52,119,696 bu., against 52,841,839 the previous week, and 43,435,853 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 692,143 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 27 were 319,334 bu., against 551,329 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 3,181,130 bu., against 7,407,368 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The market has been quiet all week, the movement of stock being light, both in cash grain and futures. Prices fluctuated within narrow limits, but toward the close of the week there was an sudden strengthening of values that caused an advance in all domestic markets. The week closed with prices higher by a few points than on the previous Saturday, and a stronger feeling among operators. Yesterday there was a firm and buoyant feeling at the opening, with prices higher; later reports turned the market downward again, and at the close values ranged about the same as on Saturday for spot wheat, and a shade lower on options. Chicago was also strong at the opening, but turned downward, and at the close showed a decline on both spot and futures as compared with Saturday. No. 2 spring closed at 80½¢, No. 3 at 72½¢ per bu. Toledo was weak with last sales at 82½¢ for spot. Liverpool cables reported a firmer feeling, with unchanged prices and sellers offering moderately.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Feb. 16th to March 8th:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
Feb 16	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 17	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 18	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 19	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 20	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 21	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 22	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 23	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 24	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 25	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 26	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 27	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 28	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Feb 29	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 1	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 2	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 3	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 4	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 5	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 6	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 7	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2
Mar 8	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	March	April	May	June
Tuesday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2
Wednesday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2
Thursday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2
Friday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2
Saturday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2
Sunday	80 1/2	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	March	April	May	June
Tuesday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2
Wednesday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2
Thursday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2
Friday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2
Saturday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2
Sunday	72 1/2	64 1/2	56 1/2	48 1/2

The outlook shows no change as compared with a week ago. The weather has been pleasant, and for the season the temperature has been high. How long this weather will continue is the question, for bad weather now, with the winter wheat fields entirely bare and the ground nearly free from frost in many places, and covered with ponds of water from the rains of two weeks ago in other, would be a serious matter for wheat-

growers. It looks as if an early spring were assured, but it is yet too early to feel sure of that.

The foreign markets the past few days have become firmer for American wheat. This arises from a variety of causes, one of which is that neither home grown nor East India wheat can be made into even passable flour without a large mixture of American. They are very deficient in quality, and bakers have discovered it to their loss in many instances.

Navigation will soon open now, and we look for some improvement from that fact. The "visible supply" keeps steadily decreasing, and with the knowledge that stocks in the country are lighter than usual, we see no reason for any weakness. It is true the industrial depression is being added to by the conflicts, between labor and capital, and such troubles always have a baneful influence upon trade and values.

Quotations at Liverpool yesterday for American wheat were as follows, per cental: Winter, 6s. 11d. @ 7s. 1d.; spring, 6s. 11d. @ 7s. 1d.; California, 6s. 6d. @ 6s. 8d.; club, 6s. 9d. @ 6s. 11d., market closing dull.

### CORN AND OATS.

#### CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 86,958 bu., against 114,334 bu. the previous week, and 134,555 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 78,946 bu., against 96,004 bu. the previous week, and 57,213 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in the country on February 27 amounted to 11,509,910 bu., against 8,567,575 bu. the previous week, and 9,506,458 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 2,946,335 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,668,835 bu., against 1,755,367 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 11,426,422 bu., against 13,471,156 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 133,586 bu., against 145,586 bu. last week and 46,027 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Corn declined a little early in the week, but before the close prices were back to about the same range as the previous week. No. 2 is quoted here at 34½¢, new mixed at 37½¢, high mixed at 39½¢, and new high mixed at 38½¢. Other markets also improved toward the end of the week. At Chicago No. 2 spot is quoted at 37½¢, 38¢, March delivery at 37½¢, and May at 40½¢. Toledo is quoted firm at 39½¢ per bu. for spot No. 2 and 40¢ for May delivery. The shipping demand is fair, and there is a steady feeling in the foreign trade. There was much more soft corn in last year's crop than generally supposed. Michigan suffered a good deal from this cause. The increase in the "visible supply" of over two and a half millions of bushels would naturally tend to weaken prices, but so far this has not happened. The Liverpool market is quoted quiet, with prices slightly lower than a week ago. Quotations there are 4s. 7½d. per cental for old mixed and 4s. 4½d. for new do. In futures, new mixed for March and April deliveries is quoted at 4s. 14½d.

#### OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 2,177 bu., against 23,275 bu. the previous week, and 23,192 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 11,778 bu., against 8,556 bu. the previous week, and 8,189 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply of this grain on February 27 was 2,247,859 bu., against 1,997,150 bu. the previous week, and 2,505,887 bu. February 28, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 74,806 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 454,272 bu., against 468,047 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows an increase of 250,709 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 23,605 bu., against 35,765 bu. the previous week, and 37,953 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. This market is firm and steady, with prices a shade higher than a week ago on white. No. 2 white are quoted at 36½¢, light mixed at 35½¢, and No. 2 mixed at 34½¢ per bu. The Chicago market is firm at about the same range of prices as quoted a week ago. No. 1 western mixed are quoted there at 29½¢ for spot, 29¢ for March delivery, and 34½¢ for May. The Toledo market is quoted firm at 32¢ per bu. for spot No. 2 mixed and 34½¢ for May delivery. At New York oats are quoted dull and quiet, with values rather lower. No. 3 white are quoted there at 40½¢; No. 4 at 41½¢; No. 5 at 42½¢; No. 6 at 43½¢; No. 7 at 44½¢. The advance at the west will probably cause a stronger feeling in that market.

### DAIRY PRODUCTS.

#### BUTTER.

It cannot be said that the butter market has improved any. Perhaps really choice dairy butter is a shade stronger, but there is so little of that grade coming forward that it is seldom quoted. Prices range from 16½¢ for choice dairy, 12½¢ for good, and 10½¢ for fair grades. Creamery is steady at 25¢ per lb., and consumers pay 35¢ to 40¢ per lb. for it, according to the conscience of the retailer who sells it. The extensive sale of substitutes is not only keeping values down but it is stopping consumption. People are so afraid of getting the stuff forced on them by unscrupulous dealers that they frequently decide to go without. At the recent meeting of the State Association of Dairymen at Kalamazoo, strong resolutions were passed in favor of legislation which will put an end to this unjust and dishonest competition. It seems the traffic might be stopped, or at least only allowed under careful restrictions. The only ones favoring it are the manufacturers and some of the dealers. Opposed to it are all the producers and consumers of butter. We will see what the next legislature can accomplish, with the added light of a court decision to guide them. But, after all, we believe State legislation to be powerless; the National government alone is able to pass laws and put them in force which will achieve the end in view. The Chicago market is rather weak, but shows a slight

advance on some of the choicest grades. Strictly fancy Elgin creameries are quoted at 31½¢ @ 32½¢, choice at 28¢ @ 30¢, Iowa and Wisconsin makes at 22¢ @ 27¢, according to quality, low grades of summer made goods at 9½¢ @ 11¢. Fancy dairy stock was firm at 20¢ @ 22¢, and in light supply. At New York there has been a decline from the high prices quoted for fancy goods a week ago. Outside of that the market is steady, and the demand seems about equal to the receipts of desirable goods. Quotations there yesterday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.	
Creamery, fancy, choice	32 1/2
Creamery, choice	30 1/2
Creamery, prime	28 1/2
Creamery, good	25 1/2
Creamery, fair	23 1/2
Creamery, ordinary	21 1/2
Home-made, choice	16 1/2
Home-made, average	15 1/2
Home-made, fair	14 1/2
Home-made, good	13 1/2
Home-made, fair to good	12 1/2
State half-firm tubs and pails, choice	23 1/2
State half-firm tubs, fair to good	22 1/2
State half-firm tubs, fair	21 1/2
State dairy, entire, good to fine	13 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	12 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	11 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	10 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	9 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	8 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	7 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	6 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	5 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	4 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	3 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	2 1/2
State dairy, good to fine	1 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	1/2
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/8
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/16
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/32
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/64
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/128
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/256
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/512
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1024
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2048
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4096
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/8192
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/16384
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/32768
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/65536
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/131072
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/262144
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/524288
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1048576
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2097152
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4194304
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/8388608
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/16777216
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/33554432
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/67108864
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/134217728
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/268435456
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/536870912
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1073741824
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2147483648
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4294967296
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/8589934592
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/17179869184
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/34359738368
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/68719476736
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/137438953472
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/274877906944
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/549755813888
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1099511627776
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2199023255552
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4398046511104
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/8796093022208
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/17592186044416
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/35184372088832
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/70368744177664
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/140737488355328
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/281474976710656
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/562949953421312
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1125899906842624
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2251799813685248
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4503599627370496
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/9007199254740992
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/18014398509481984
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/36028797018963968
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/72057594037927936
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/144115188075855872
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/288230376151711744
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/576460752303423488
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1152921504606846976
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2305843009213693952
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4611686018427387904
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/9223372036854775808
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/18446744073709551616
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/36893488147419103232
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/73786976294838206464
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/147573952589676412928
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/295147905179352825856
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/590295810358705651712
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1180591620717411303424
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2361183241434822606848
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4722366482869645213696
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/9444732965739290427392
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/18889465931478580854784
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/37778931862957161709568
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/75557863725914323419136
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/151115727451828646838272
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/302231454903657293676544
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/604462909807314587353088
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1208925819614629174706176
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2417851639229258349412352
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4835703278458516698824704
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/9671406556917033397649408
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/19342813113834066795298816
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/38685626227668133590597632
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/77371252455336267181195264
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/154742504910672534362390528
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/309485009821345068724781056
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State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1237940039285380274899124224
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2475880078570760549798248448
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/4951760157141521099596496896
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/9903520314283042199192993792
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/19807040628566084398385987584
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/39614081257132168796771975168
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/79228162514264337593543950336
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/158456325028528675187087900672
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/316912650057057350374175801344
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/633825300114114700748351602688
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1267650600228229401496703205376
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2535301200456458802993406410752
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/5070602400912917605986812821504
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/10141204801825835211973625643008
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/20282409603651670423947251286016
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/40564819207303340847894502572032
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/81129638414606681695789005144064
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/162259276829213363391778010288128
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/324518553658426726783556020576256
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/649037107316853453567112041152512
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/1298074214633706907134224082305024
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/2596148429267413814268448164610048
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/5192296858534827628536896329220096
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/10384593717069655257073792658440192
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/20769187434139310514147585316880384
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/41538374868278621028295170633760768
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/83076749736557242056590341267521536
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/16615349947311448411318068253504288
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/33230699894622896822636136507008576
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/66461399789245793645272273014017152
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/132922799578491587290544546028034304
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/265845599156983174581089092056068608
State dairy, fair to fine	0 1/531691198313966349162178184112137216
State dairy, good to fine	0 1/1063382396627932698324356368







## Poetry.

## RECONCILIATION.

To-day, beneath the willow, love, I slept,  
My arm my only pillow, and you crept  
Behind me, and, low-stooping, you looked down  
Your long eyelashes drooping and your crown  
Of golden, shining tresses unclashed, fell  
And swept me with caresses, and then—well,  
I said I slept; I fear 'twas half untrue,  
For I was half awake, dear love, when you,  
Still low-bending, gave me that swift kiss,  
That soft descending, thrilled me, as does—this.

O love, for many years a dead oak stood  
Just in the edge of yonder distant wood;  
In vain the storm beat on it—like a rock  
It stood, nor angry wind nor rain could shock  
It from its place, until one day there came  
A lightning flash from heaven—a swift flame—  
And touched it into shattered fragments rent  
Lay the dead oak where once it stood unrent.

No more this stubborn oak shall live again;  
But, in the midst of storms of hail or rain,  
We may, perchance, upon a black sky burning,  
See the pale, quivering plant to heaven returning,  
From whence, its magic virtues all unspent,  
It may on missions of again be sent.

So, love, the stubborn pride that filled my heart  
Was into shattered fragments torn apart  
By the swift kiss that on my lips did burn.  
And—thus—to heaven shall that kiss return;  
And, once you have it back—its power unspent—  
Let it be sent on missions of again be sent.

## LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

She was one and I was one,  
Strolling o'er the heather,  
Yet before the year was gone  
We were one together.  
Love's a queer arithmetician—  
In the rule of his addition  
He lays down the proposition:  
One and one make one.

She and I, alas, are two,  
Since, unwisely mated,  
Having nothing else to do,  
We were separated.  
Now, 'twould seem that by this action  
Each was made a simple fraction,  
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction  
One from one leaves two.

—Chicago News.

## Miscellaneous.

## A LESSON IN FRACTIONS.

It was such a blow to me, such a bitter,  
Overwhelming blow! I had been so com-  
fortable and happy since the schoolmas-  
ter had boarded with me. The big front  
chamber had been so grim and ghostly,  
always shut up and empty. It was our  
spare room when poor dear Charley was  
alive; but now that I was a widow and  
poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a  
guest chamber. None of our old friends  
cared to visit me now, just when I needed  
them most; when I was lonely and sad and  
miserable they refused to come. But  
when Mr. Slade took the room I didn't  
grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed  
odd to have money for the guest chamber,  
but the way that I was situated reconciled  
me to the thought very speedily indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into  
that scrape at school I should have died  
if it had been anybody but Mr. Slade.

"Madam," he said, "your boy is mis-  
chievous—very mischievous."

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

"And to extend a rope in such a man-  
ner that the unconscious heels of his  
teacher should be tripped up thereby; to  
fill the hat of his instructor with stones;  
to put wax upon the bench so that the  
tails of his coat may adhere to this sticky  
substance and thus come to grief—all  
these things are very reprehensible,  
madam, and merit a condign punish-  
ment."

"Yes, sir," I replied, and wiped away  
my regretful tears, for I knew what was  
coming.

Either Charley would be expelled from  
the school, or dreadfully beaten by this  
injured man. It was better to have him  
beaten than expelled, but either was hor-  
rible.

"Please don't expel him, Mr. Slade," I  
said. "He must be punished, of course,  
but please don't beat him very hard."  
"I shall not beat him at all," he said.

"Don't expel him," I entreated.

"Nor expel him," he replied. "If  
you'll leave the boy to me, there will be  
no further trouble. He has a good heart,  
and an open, generous, manly nature. I'll  
appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow  
me. I think we can get along with Char-  
ley if we take the right way."

"O, Mr. Slade!" I said, "how noble  
you are! how gracious! how magnani-  
mous! I think Heaven was good to send  
me such a savior."

He knew a little red under my praise,  
and, as it was school time, bowed himself  
out, but really he looked like an arch-  
angel to me as he walked down the street.  
Of course the simile was absurd. He was  
tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his  
long coat did not flap as gracefully as  
many another coat close by. Charley  
said he was knock-kneed, but to me that  
day he was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that  
was miraculous; there is no other word  
for it. The boy was as wild and untam-  
able as a young colt when Mr. Slade took  
hold of him, and shortly afterward he  
was the most tractable and orderly of  
mortals. I could see, though, the time  
and trouble it cost to work such wonders  
with him. In the spring they went fish-  
ing together, and Mr. Slade taught Char-  
ley how to manage his hook and line, and  
wheel the poor little fish to his bait. In  
mid-summer they got up a collection of  
beetles and bugs and all sorts of things.  
It was terrible to the poor insects, I sup-  
pose; but, oh, dear Heaven! what a rest  
and comfort it was to me to have Charley  
amused and kept out of trouble.

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade, to con-  
fide in him, to ask his advice, and invari-  
ably take it on all occasions, to grate-  
fully take advantage of his  
knack in repairing things about the  
house, putting in order troublesome  
domestic utensils. He always put up the  
shades in the house—cleaning time, and  
hung the pictures; and what I should have  
done without him that time the machine  
got out of order, Heaven only knows. I  
had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel,  
and was working away, when, all at once,

the machine began to squeak dreadfully.  
It was a rasping noise, fit to raise the hat  
on one's head, and mine had ached dread-  
fully all the morning. I oiled and fussed at  
it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked more  
and more. And, to crown all, the nice  
pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's  
luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled  
it, and rushed to the stove, but too late. It  
was a black ruin and I sat down and cried  
over it. It seemed to me so sad and terri-  
ble I wanted to lie down and die, when in  
walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said. "I  
don't see how you can board here, any-  
way, I am such a miserable housekeeper.  
I would be so much better if Charley and  
I were dead."

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Slade.  
I felt ashamed when I saw the look of  
alarm in his face.

"It is very sad to burn the crust of a  
nice pie all to a crisp," I said.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade.  
"Now for me it is a most excellent mis-  
chance. Of all things in the world I re-  
vere the burned crust of a pie. I have  
hesitated to declare this predilection, be-  
cause I know it is a remarkable one, and  
not at all likely to be shared by the ma-  
jority of people; but fortune has favored me  
to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie  
by all means!"

And he actually lifted the horrible black  
thing to the table, and ate it—yes, he ate  
it—which was the most graceful piece of  
martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And  
then I got courage to tell him how I burned  
it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that  
dress, and the machine had begun to  
squeak in the most horrible way; that I'd  
oiled it and fussed with it, all to no pur-  
pose, and how I was to finish that dress  
of Mrs. Chappel's with the dreadful noise  
distracting my poor brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that rest-  
ing, comforting, soul cheering way of his,  
and as I followed him in the sitting-room,  
I knew in my heart that he would exor-  
cise that squeaking demon from the ma-  
chine. And he did.

"It's the ball," he said; "it's become  
smooth from friction, and if you'll bring  
me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—  
stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is  
better than all."

And with that little white lump that he  
took from his waistcoat pocket, he made  
the machine perfect in five—in two min-  
utes.

Now, how could I help watching him  
from the door again, as he walked away  
to school; and let his coat tails flap as they  
may, or be knock-kneed to eternity, how  
could I help sending after him my hearti-  
est benediction and blessing?

And can it be wondered at that when  
only two or three months after he was go-  
ing away, I was like one stunned and be-  
wildered? We were sitting in the little  
front room, and I was finishing off that  
diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel.  
Charley had gone hunting to the woods,  
for it was already autumn, and an early  
frost had set the leaves aflame. A breeze  
from the west blew my hair into my eyes,  
and I put it back with a trembling hand.  
The soft warm day of golden light sud-  
denly seemed to cloud over and become  
one of moody sadness.

"I have an opportunity for advance-  
ment in my profession," he said, "which  
it would behoove me to put by. In my  
native town is offered me a position of  
trust and confidence, no less, I may say  
to you, dear madam, than a professor's  
chair."

I hadn't the least idea what he meant.  
I knew that one chair differed very much  
from another, and whereas one was com-  
fortable, easy, enjoyable, another might  
be for the time being a seat of torture,  
but wherein a professor's chair excelled I  
could not at that time imagine. I sat  
quite still and the ruffle fell from my  
hand; my foot rested upon the treading of  
the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr.  
Slade like one demented.

"And it has occurred to me," he went  
on, "that the position I have held here,  
which is an exceedingly easy and pleasant  
one, might profitably and suitably be fill-  
ed by one of the other sex; the duties are  
not at all hazardous, and could be per-  
formed more readily, it appears to me,  
than those pertaining to the needle. I  
have spoken to the committee in your be-  
half, and with a little attention upon your  
part to the simple mechanical require-  
ments necessary, and a little help upon  
mine, you will be ready to fill the  
position at once."

"Who? O, Mr. Slade? Why, you must  
be crazy!"

Then, feeling that this was not a re-  
spectful way to speak, I added that his  
kindness for me had led him to overrate  
my capabilities.

"Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got  
beyond the four rules in arithmetic."  
"And upon these depend everything,"  
he replied. "Come, put by your work,  
and let us see what we can do for a first  
attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one  
of those material natures that always con-  
quer. Half an hour after I was sitting  
close by his side at the table, with Char-  
ley's slate under my blurred eyes, and  
Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers.  
The rosy evening light streamed in upon  
us, the soft south wind bringing resinous  
odors through the windows from the  
woods where Charley yet lingered.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr.  
Slade, and the very gentleness of his  
tone, the tender rendering of my name,  
made me shiver and shake, for I could not  
get the thought out of my head that when  
he was gone there was nobody left to deal  
tenderly with me or mine, "now pray try  
and give your thoughts to the subject in  
hand. It is the simplest thing in the  
world, and these rudiments once con-  
quered the rest will follow. Now, a man sold  
his farm for \$8,730, and fourteen-fif-  
teenths of this is seven-ninths of the cost  
of his house, and the house cost seven  
times as much as the store, now what was  
the cost of the house and store?"

His house was so persuasive, so distinct,  
it must have been a pleasant voice to  
listen to at school, ever if the poor little  
blackheads could make neither head nor  
tail of his meaning. I looked at Mr. Slade,  
and then out of the window, where the  
mellow light of the sunset shone, and  
away over at the wooded hills beyond,

and I thought how, such a little while  
ago, it was a spring landscape all bathed  
in tender green, and now it was  
autumn, the grass was sere and brown,  
the leaves were falling, the bran like  
skeletons against the evening sky.

"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said  
the voice of the schoolmaster, "I beg  
your attention to these few first rules. It  
is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to  
the coarse habits of these village women,  
who flaunt their finery in an obtrusive  
and unbecoming manner and grudge you  
the poor reward for your labor."

"She said the seams were crooked, and  
perhaps they were," I said, for I knew he  
meant Mrs. Chappel. "I am not very  
good at sewing or anything." Then two  
big tears rolled out of my eyes upon  
Charley's slate, and blurred the school-  
master's figures, which so distressed him  
that he got up and took a turn about  
the room again.

"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, quite im-  
pudgently, "if you would only make up  
your mind to master these first rules. A  
man sold his farm for \$8,730—"

"And I'm sure he got a good price for  
it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for  
his house, it must have been all it was  
worth. As for his store, I don't want to  
know anything about it; I can't see that  
it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I  
can't bother with it just now. If it was  
a house alone, or a farm—but to cut them  
all up and put them together again like a  
patchwork quilt is impossible for me to  
think of, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you  
could, and it's ridiculous to ask me such  
a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you  
go away is to go on working for Mrs.  
Chappel till I drop dead; and if it wasn't  
for Charley, I wouldn't care how soon  
that would be."

Then I put my head down on the table  
and cried, ready to break my heart. I  
couldn't help it. I was the most wretched  
creature in the world, and my heart was  
full. I couldn't help the cry, and I'm glad  
now that I did.

For suddenly I felt his strong arms  
tremble on the back of my chair.

"It is so sad and terrible," I said, "to  
have the seams always crooked, and Mrs.  
Chappel—"

"Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and her  
crooked seams! Tell me, madam, Mrs.  
Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it  
not even be better to give your future to a  
grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at  
least be free from crooked seams and puzz-  
ling problems."

I heaved a sigh of relief, and his strong  
arm felt sheltering about me.

"If heaven will vouchsafe to me," he  
said, getting back to his dear old wordy  
way, "your sweet companionship for all  
the days to come, I can even find it in my  
heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel and  
wish her well."

I don't know what I said, but every-  
body knows that I never could see any  
fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day.  
He fills his professor's chair, and I have  
ever so many comfortable ones at home.  
Charley is a splendid mathematician, but  
there is a little fellow just creeping in  
fractions, and he came to me the other  
day, his dear little brains sore and puzz-  
ling over the self-same sum.

"And please, mamma," he begged, "a  
man sold his farm for \$8,730, and four-  
teen-fifteenths of this is—"

"Go to papa, darling," I said; "he  
found out the cost of it long ago; but as  
for me, dear, I'm glad to say that I never  
could make it out—never."

## A White Gorilla.

The Royal Aquarium at Westminster is  
well known for its repeated introductions  
of startling novelties; and after the pre-  
vailing fashion of naturalist showmen,  
white animals might be expected to be in  
favor there. The "white elephant,"  
when he appeared at the Zoological Gar-  
dens by introduction of Mr. Barnum, was  
not highly appreciated in the matter of  
color, for the white in that case was a  
dirty slate hue, and not white in any  
sense of the word. The little animal now  
brought to the aquarium is properly called  
"white," and is seemingly a real  
young gorilla. Whether it is a true  
species or a highly developed cross-bred  
is a question for the naturalists. Its  
height is about 26 inches, and its age, prob-  
ably, three or four years. The whole of  
its body and limbs, both arms and legs,  
are almost divested of hairiness, and it  
has no tail. Generally it has the appear-  
ance of having been close-shaved; but on  
near inspection it is seen that the hairs  
are very short, fine, and pointed, and are  
very sparsely distributed. The face and  
ears and the hands and feet are per-  
fectly made and flesh colored, like a white  
man's skin. The hair over the crown of  
the head is short and dark, and a whisker  
growth extends down each cheek. In  
nature it is very gentle and affectionate,  
clinging its keeper around the neck and  
kissing him like a child. It drinks from  
a tumbler like a human being, and has a  
most intelligent manner. Its eyes are re-  
markably bright and clear. This very in-  
teresting animal, which is said to have  
been brought from South Africa, has been  
shown for some weeks in Liverpool by  
Mr. Whiteley of that city, and by whom it  
has been now transferred to the metro-  
polis. It is housed in a large handsome  
cage or chamber, with an entire plate-  
glass front; and in an adjoining cage is a  
veritable young gorilla, hairy and black,  
and savage, like the small gorilla which  
many years ago was in the Wombwell  
traveling menagerie. The contrast of the  
two animals is very great, and as the  
transformation of negroes into white men  
has not yet become a recognized fact, the  
appearance of a healthy white gorilla,  
which is not an albino, is a mystery in the  
development of species not yet solvable  
upon the ordinary hypotheses.—London  
Standard.

MEETING Jim Webster, Uncle Mose could  
not help being astonished at the magnificent  
pains of Jim.

"Dat's a mighty fine pair ob pants for sich  
a pore nigger as you are to be wearin'."

"Yes, dey's gorgous, and no mistake."

"How much more dey cost yer, and whar  
dyer git 'em?"

"Dey cost me two years in de Pen-  
tenshery of I tote."

## THE FIERCE BASSO.

When I undertook to write musical  
criticisms for a daily paper, it was with  
the firm determination to do entire justice  
to everybody. I would bestow praise  
where I considered it due, and not spare  
the lash where it could be rightly applied.

"We want criticisms, Miss Medland;  
not indiscriminate flattery or abuse," said  
the editor to me. "Let your words be  
well weighed. Do not allow personal pref-  
erence or dislike to influence your judg-  
ment. Write fearlessly, but honestly, and  
consider a performance from every point  
of view before committing your opinions  
to paper. When compelled to be severe,  
abstain from spitefulness, and remember  
that the votaries of the divine art have  
tender feelings, which they carry very  
near the surface. That is all I have to  
say."

So I attended concerts, musicales, piano  
and organ recitals and all the various  
styles of entertainment in which music is  
introduced, and which because of some  
slight difference in arranging the pro-  
gramme, are called by distinct names.  
Thus, a ballad, a vocal duet, two piano  
selections, a violin solo, and refreshments  
in a private house is a musicale. The  
same programme in a hall, with a quartet  
and an aria from an Italian opera  
added and the piano solo omitted, is a con-  
cert, while an entertainment essentially  
the same as the first mentioned, but with  
the name of the pianist in capital letters  
on the programme, becomes a piano re-  
cital.

I soon learned these nice distinctions,  
and religiously sat through all the enter-  
tainments for which I received tickets,  
giving my impressions of the perform-  
ances in the paper afterwards as fairly as  
I could.

"Miss Medland," said the editor, one  
Saturday afternoon; "I should like you  
to go to church to-morrow."

"I always do."

"Yes, but I wish you to attend the ser-  
vices at the Fourteenth P. E. They have  
a new choir—a quartette—and I should  
like to have a detailed criticism of their  
work in Monday's paper."

"Very well. I will go."

"The basso looks very bass," I thought  
as I sat in the church the next morning  
and glanced up at the choir, which was  
standing up preparatory to singing the  
first anthem.

"What a terrible creature,  
with his great black beard and eyebrows!  
I hope he will not compel me to speak  
slightingly of his singing. I am afraid  
of him."

But the next minute the anthem com-  
menced, and oh! what a bass! It was  
nothing but a discordant growl. It was  
useless for the other three voices to strain  
at harmony. The basso persistently sang  
in the wrong key, with a disregard for  
time and tune that was absolutely mad-  
dening.

I never looked up after that first glance.  
I felt that I must show my disgust in my  
countenance, and perhaps meet the eye  
of the basso as it rolled wildly in its  
socket in sympathy with his frantic ef-  
forts to control his voice. "Perhaps he  
will not be so bad in the other numbers,"  
I thought.

But he was—and worse. As the service  
progressed and the choir were at intervals  
called on to render their assistance, the  
basso's voice seemed to get huskier and  
more disagreeable. When I sat down in  
my room that afternoon to write my criti-  
cism, I had no compunctions in giving him  
as severe a lecture as he probably ever re-  
ceived on paper. Of the other three mem-  
bers of the quartette I had nothing but  
good to say, and I censured the directors  
of the church for allowing the efforts of  
three good singers to be rendered useless  
by an utterly incapable fourth.

I folded my manuscript and sent it to  
the office of my paper, with a note to the  
editor, in which I told him that my an-  
timadversions on the basso were strictly  
justified by his wretched performance.

When I read the paper the next day and  
saw how my hot words looked in cold  
type, I began to feel uncomfortable. I  
thought of the fierce man with the black  
beard and eyebrows, and wondered what  
I should do if he found me out and de-  
manded satisfaction. I wished that it had  
been the tenor, instead. He was a hand-  
some young man, with a blonde must-  
ache, from beneath which I felt sure no  
unkind words could come—to a lady, even  
if the lady had given him an unmerciful  
scolding in the columns of a newspaper.  
I should not be the least bit afraid of him.

But it was no use wishing. The tenor  
part had been beautifully rendered, and  
I had not a shadow of excuse to censure  
him.

"Mame," said my younger sister Belle,  
bursting into the room where I was  
thinking over my troubles, "come down  
stairs, won't you? You have been mop-  
ing all day. Here it is eight o'clock in  
the evening, and you are still sitting up  
here by yourself. You have no writing to  
do for that tiresome paper, I know. I  
don't see why you do it at all. Literature  
is well enough in its way, but I think the  
trouble and annoyance must far out-  
weigh the glory and emolument."

"Never mind, Belle. Go away. My  
head aches."

"Of course. The old excuse when you  
feel cross. But do come down, there's a  
dear. Papa has brought a gentleman  
home with him, and we want some music.  
Mr. Wilton sings."

"I am tired of singing."

"You are not, Mame. You are dis-  
agreeable. I will go and tell papa that  
you will not come."

"Belle, don't be impertinent. Tell papa  
I will be down in a few minutes."

Plump came a kiss on the end of my  
nose, and Belle danced out of the room,  
reappearing in a minute to say:

"Oh, by the way, Mame, Mr. Wilton is  
a member of the Fourteenth P. E. Church  
choir. You must have heard him sing  
yesterday."

"Belle!" I screamed.

But Belle was gone, after firing her  
parting shot.

Now what should I do? If I only knew  
whether Mr. Wilton were the black-head-  
ed basso or the blonde mustached tenor!  
I had a good mind not to go down stairs  
at all. And yet—that would be cowardly.

No! I am not afraid to write boldly, and  
I would be consistent in my actions. At the  
worse Mr. Wilton would hardly strike  
me, especially with my father there to  
protect me. Besides, he might not even  
know that I wrote for the paper.

It was with a beating heart that I put  
the finishing touches to my toilet and  
walked slowly down stairs.

The parlor door was shut, but I could  
hear voices in conversation on the other  
side, among them that of a stranger—Mr.  
Wilton. I tried to distinguish the tones,  
that I might determine, if possible,  
whether they were those of a tenor or basso.  
This is something that can very seldom  
be decided, even when the speaker is by  
your side, the singing voice and collo-  
quial tones being in many persons entire-  
ly distinct. I knew this, and with a mighty  
attempt to be calm, opened the door and  
stood in the presence of Mr. Wilton!

Thank fortune! It was a gentleman  
with a blonde mustache whom my father  
introduced to me by that name, as I bow-  
ed to the handsome tenor. For he was as  
handsome—as a god. Or so I thought.

I soon found that Mr. Wilton was as  
brilliant in conversation as he was hand-  
some in person. He had been every where  
and seen everything, and above all was a  
thorough musician at heart. To my father  
he talked about stocks, bonds, the labor  
problem, the political situation and the  
relative merits of natural gas and bitu-  
minous coal as elements in the iron in-  
dustry. I soon found that he had lately be-  
come a member of a prominent iron firm,  
and that he gave his services to the choir  
of the Fourteenth P. E. Church from pure  
love of music.

"Will you not sing, Miss Medland?"  
asked Mr. Wilton, when we had been  
chatting for an hour or so.

I felt a little nervous about singing be-  
fore him, but as I knew I possessed a fair-  
ly good soprano, well cultivated, I did  
not hesitate, I sang two ballads, and then  
came Mr. Wilton's turn.

"You must sing for us, Mr. Wilton.  
What shall it be?" I asked carelessly,  
running my fingers over the keys of the  
piano. "Have I anything that you know?"

He was hunting over my sheet music  
and picking out a piece here and there.

"Yes, here are several that I have sung  
before. I will try this if you will play  
an accompaniment."

"He placed before me 'I Fear no Foe.'"  
"Is not this in too low a key for you?  
I will transpose it, if you like."

"No. I can manage it," was Mr. Wil-  
ton's confident reply.

I said nothing, though as I began play-  
ing the symphony I wondered how this  
decidedly bass song would sound when  
rendered by a tenor voice.

The symphony finished, he commenced.  
Horror! The excruciating bass that  
has spoiled the quartette!

Yes. There was no doubt about it. My  
handsome "tenor" was the basso, and the  
sweet voice I had credited to Mr. Wilton  
was possessed by the fierce man with the  
black beard and eyebrows!

He got through the song somehow, ap-  
parently to his own satisfaction, and I  
did not ask him to sing again.

He had not read my criticism then, but  
he saw it the next day, for he has told me  
so since.

Mr. Wilton does not consider me a good  
musical critic, but he is satisfied with me  
in every other way, for it was only last  
night that he asked me to wear a diamond  
ring as a sequel to a certain quiet but  
earnest conversation.

I was introduced to the fierce, black-  
bearded tenor a week or two ago, and he  
is one of the mildest men I ever met.—  
Pittsburg Bulletin.

## A Wonderful Cave.

Thirty-nine miles northwest of Brack-  
ett, in Kinney County, Texas, is a wonder-  
ful but comparatively unknown cave. Its  
entrance is a rent in the solid limestone  
rock that underlies this section, 20 by four  
feet, and is situated near the summit of  
one of many similar hills, perhaps two  
hundred feet above the surrounding val-  
ley.

The main shaft of the cave begins with  
a sharp descent of several hundred feet,  
and extends in nearly a direct line, at  
varying levels, for fully half a mile. Ap-  
parently, in the tumultuous upheavals  
which lifted these hills from the sur-  
rounding level a great opening was left,  
and from its roof immense quantities of  
rock fell into the center of the cave. A  
solid, irregular arch of rock has been left,  
100 to 200 feet from the original floor.  
The mass of rock upon the floor is from  
20 to 40 feet deep, and makes progress  
difficult. A few hundred feet from the  
entrance begins the largest chamber or  
amphitheater. This magnificent space is  
more than 300 feet in width, gradually  
narrowing at either end. In its center,  
upholding the grandly arched roof, is one  
of the grandest columns of stal



## IT WON'T WORK.

A blue-bird perched on an aspen limb,  
In the February glimmer,  
You can't fool me with your siren hymn  
Or the twit of your tremulous twitter;  
I know, while of vernal things you blab,  
That the birds don't burst nor the brooklets babble  
And that 'neath your promissory gab  
There's an orthographic litter.

It's a chestnut, birdie, so it is—  
Tale-tell too true to tooting;  
You seem to make it your annual "biz"  
To come at the first saluting  
Of genial air, and chirp about  
The dardillon's coming out,  
And the rhabarbar's readiness to sprout,  
And the verdere's general shooting.

But the blue-bird perched on an aspen limb!  
This spring was sung a spectre,  
You can't fool me with your siren hymn  
In the sea of gold-kissed acacia  
But you can't inveigle a chap that's acute  
To shuffle his four-ply flannel suit  
Or, in a moment of rashness, "shoot"  
His all-wool chest-protector.

—Yonkers Gazette.

## Mistakes of a Night.

While in Chicago recently Sir Arthur Sullivan was mistaken for John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, which led to an amusing contretemps. The incident, which we will leave to the unpublished diary of Sir Arthur, is headed "Mistakes of a Night," and the famous musical composer says: "During my American tour in the fall of 1885, I agreed to lead the orchestra upon the opening night of 'The Mikado,' in a place called Illinois or Chicago, or some such name, and the manager of the opera house had billed the thing all over; and from every blank wall and newspaper, during the day, I was stared in the face by the announcement: 'Mr. Sullivan will lead the orchestra in person this evening.' I would prefer to have had my title attached to my name. Not that I go in for that sort of thing very much, but it's just as well to be exact; but, singularly enough, the manager who had the bills printed didn't know I'd been knighted.

"When I got to the opera house that night and looked out from the edge of the curtain, I found the house was packed. It seemed to me rather as well house, too, most of the ladies and gentlemen being in evening dress in the boxes and orchestra circle. But what surprised me was that the three front rows of the orchestra chairs were occupied by savilans looking set of men as I ever saw in a respectable place. Most of them were double-breasted pe-jackets and big diamonds, and they all had shining high hats in their laps.

"While I was still looking at them and wondering, they suddenly set up shouts of:

"Wooh, wooh, wooh! Sullivan!" which they continued until the manager told me I'd better go before the curtain.

"When I appeared on the stage, I thought those three rows of men would go crazy. They shouted and screamed as if they were mad; they called for three times three and a tiger again and again, and the performance was delayed for 15 minutes. It was the most enthusiastic ovation I ever received, and naturally I felt a little proud that my music should appeal to men of such rough exterior. Then I came to the conclusion that they were self-made men of wealth, of the real American type, who scorned the conventionalities of effete society, while yet appreciating the music of a master mind.

"When I came out to take my place in the orchestra, I had to wait another five minutes for the applause in the three front rows to subside, and when they finally became calm and I gave a preliminary sweep of my baton, preparatory to starting the music, an admiring chorus of 'Ah—h—h' burst from the same three front rows. All through the performance the same extraordinary manifestations were continued. They sent up basket after basket of flowers, and gave me a reception every time I came in, and cheered frantically every time I went out, enthusiastically always emanating from the same three rows.

"After the performance was over I was informed that a delegation was waiting at the stage door to escort me to a banquet, and I found the same gentlemen there who had occupied the three front rows in the theater. They introduced themselves to me rather awkwardly, and their appearance was such that I would never have ventured to attend their banquet if their love of music had not been so strikingly illustrated in their adulation to myself. One of them offered to button my gloves, another insisted upon carrying my umbrella.

"We drove, six in a carriage, to a very dirty back room of a saloon, and there were fully 5,000 men and boys pushing and crowding to obtain a glimpse of me when I alighted. An immense amount of champagne was brought in, but the dinner itself was despicable. I was very much embarrassed, also, by the fact that my entertainers were continually asking me about persons and things with which I was totally unacquainted. They inquired how much I weighed, and when I said 135 pounds they laughed as if it were a capital joke. One of them begged me to give what he called an 'exhibition song' on the stage the next night, and another, with a great many apologies, asked me if I didn't think it was lowering myself for a man with so many gifts to lead an orchestra.

"Just as the dinner was concluded, a tall stranger burst into the room, and was greeted with a shout of welcome.

"I came all the way on the 'Lightning Express,'" he said, "I wouldn't miss seeing Sullivan for anything. Where is he?"

"I was dragged to my feet and presented to him.

"You ain't Sullivan," he said, contemptuously.

"At this all the others in the room formed a ring around us, and some one advised the new arrival to prepare to die.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I am Mr. Sullivan."

"That fellow ain't no more John L. Sullivan than I am," shouted the stranger, turning to the others.

"Of course, I'm not John L. Sullivan—'whoever he may be,'" I said, "I am Sir Arthur Sullivan."

There was a moment of perfect silence,

in which my entertainers gazed into each other's faces with expressions of heart-rending despair. Then a threatening murmur arose that chilled my heart's blood, and rushing to the window I escaped and fled from that city.

I have been wondering ever since who John L. Sullivan is, and whether he is a librettist or a composer.—London Telegraph.

## Amenities of Social Life.

Mr. and Mrs. Grap had just completed their morning nap when the latter ventured: "I suppose, John, that I ought to go out this morning and call on those odious Smiths, and then I must surely go and see the Joneses. If I don't, I would never hear the last of it; but I hate to go."

"Then don't go," hinted her husband.

"Don't go? I've got to go. You don't know anything at all."

"If I didn't want to go I—"

"I don't care what you would do. You don't seem to care what people think about you. For myself I do—and I shall go."

At the end of an hour she was in the Smith parlor.

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you. I thought you were never going to return my call."

Mrs. Grap: "Why, what nonsense, I have been just dying to come, and I said to Mr. Grap this morning, 'I really must go and see that lovely Mrs. Smith.' So you see I am here, and how have you been?"

And the children; where are they? the sweet things. What a comfort they must be to you, so unlike ordinary children. Now, there are those Jones brats; I cannot bear to look at them. Do you know I never saw such ill-natured children in my life—but there, I must be going."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, do stay a little longer. I have not seen you for an age."

Mrs. Grap: "No I really must be going; but what a lovely wrapper that is of yours; dear, fits you perfectly. Well, good-by."

Mrs. Smith: "Good-by." When Mrs. Grap has disappeared: "How I loathe that woman. I was in hopes she would never come again and then I wouldn't have to call on her. Well, thank heaven, she didn't stay long."

In a short time Mrs. Grap enters the Jones mansion, and having greeted Mrs. Jones with an affectionate kiss, begins: "My dear, I couldn't stay away any longer, you see."

Mrs. Jones: "I'm so glad. Why just at breakfast I said to Mr. Jones: 'I wonder why Mrs. Grap does not come. I wonder if she is sick,' and the thought that you might be ill has positively made me wretched. You don't know how relieved I am."

Mrs. Grap: "Well, I was feeling rather badly this morning, but I could not put off coming to see you any longer. And how is your sweet little Nellie and that darling boy of yours?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, that makes me think. You must hear Nellie play that new waltz. Come, Nellie, darling, play your new waltz for Mrs. Grap." (Nellie mangles the waltz.)

Mrs. Grap: "Beautiful! exquisite! and how much pleasure it must be to you to have a child so endowed. I declare, it seems wonderful to me. I was at the Smiths' a little while ago, and when she brought in those stupid brats of hers I positively pitied her; but I must be home in half an hour, so good-by, dear. Come and see me as soon as you can, and don't forget to bring the children. But—by the way—have you seen Mrs. Smith's new wrapper? No? Well, it's a fright. Good-by."

Mrs. Jones: "Good-by (closing the door). It was perfectly delicious to see the expression of agony on that creature's face when Nellie was drumming on the piano. I knew she wouldn't stay long after that."

Mrs. Grap (at home): "Well, thank heaven I have got that off my mind. I have been dreading it for the past week."

And so it goes on; Mrs. Jones taking her turn the following week, followed by Mrs. Smith, and the funny part of it is that they never seem to get tired of it.

## A Cheerful Giver.

There is on Prairie avenue a little coterie of gentlemen who, like members of other coteries living in other fashionable and unfashionable, for that matter—thoroughfares in the city, meet frequently at each other's homes and devote an evening to "a small game of draw." This particular party is composed largely, if not wholly, of members of South Side clubs. The game is never more expensive than the players can afford, though they could afford to "bet 'em liberally" if they were so inclined. It is never continued to an unreasonable hour, and it usually winds up with a "Jack pot" that is liberally "sweetened" till opened, and is worth winning. One Saturday evening not long ago this final pot grew to unusual proportions before any player found the necessary pair of jacks, and meantime it was proposed and agreed that the winner should put it in a plate next morning at church. When counted it was found to contain \$128. It was won by an elderly gentleman who is a regular churchgoer and a liberal contributor to church support, but he saw at once that a deposit of this kind when the warden came around would attract attention and perhaps provoke annoying comments, so he asked leave of the party to make it up in a nice package and hand it to the sexton.

This was agreed to on condition that it was to be labeled simply with the legend: "From a j. pot." This was done, and the next morning it was handed in. The sexton took it immediately to the pastor.

It so happened that the donation came most opportunely, and the pastor was highly pleased that he announced from the pulpit that "a munificent friend of the church—a Mr. A. J. Pot—whom it was not his pleasure to know personally, he was sorry to say," had that morning sent in a most generous donation of \$128 to the church fund.—Chicago Mail.

There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some single good fortune.

There was a moment of perfect silence,

in which my entertainers gazed into each other's faces with expressions of heart-rending despair. Then a threatening murmur arose that chilled my heart's blood, and rushing to the window I escaped and fled from that city.

I have been wondering ever since who John L. Sullivan is, and whether he is a librettist or a composer.—London Telegraph.

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in which my entertainers gazed into each other's faces with expressions of heart-rending despair. Then a threatening murmur arose that chilled my heart's blood, and rushing to the window I escaped and fled from that city.

## A Novel Idea.

Once in a while the country editor, sitting some day at his office window and looking out over the snow-clad fields and the fields of waving grain, as the case may be, hits upon a good idea, one worthy the genius of an editor anywhere. This is what the editor of the Neillsville (Wis.) Times has done. Evidently the poetry problem vexed him, and, as he looked out of the window, an inspiration came to him. What the inspiration was appears from the following quotation, made from his valuable paper:

Poetry Wanted.—We will be pleased to publish unobjectionable poetry for 30 cents a line. The Times has a very large circulation, and poets desiring to reach the public will find better facilities offered here than by the average paper. The cash must accompany all "outbursts of genius" at the rate announced above. If you send ten lines let it be accompanied by \$2; if 20 lines, \$4, etc. Spring poetry five cents a line extra. No cord-woven taken on poetry.

## VARIETIES.

A RELIGIOUS AFFAIR.—"There was a very sad case in the police court this morning," said a lawyer to his wife. "A girl was arrested for stealing a fine lace veil. The woman who owned the veil came to court, and, with heartlessness, persisted in prosecuting the poor girl. The judge, however, would not allow her to be influenced, so he released the girl."

"She did not prove that she was innocent, did she?"

"O, no."

"Then why did the judge release her?"

"Well, he said he had no right to interfere with religious matters."

"Religious matters?"

"Yes; he said that the laws of the land grant to every woman the right to take the veil."

The woman did not reply for several minutes. Then she said:

"I knew a woman who married a fool. I'm the widow."

When a Florida dandy makes up his mind to take a good square rest and settles to it, it is like reviving a corpse to get him on his feet again. One of last summer's warm days "Mose" crawled under an orange tree, and placing his back to the trunk prepared to enjoy himself. The colored parson came up and hailed him.

"Heyar, heyar! What are you gwine ter do?"

"Res'."

"You'd better do your wuk. Ise gwine on; I'll be back ter night."

Toward sunset the parson repasses and sees Mose still under the tree—goes up and shakes him—"Heah, heah; git up!"

Mose, half asleep, mutters: "G'way from dar, Blinky; din I foch you paller water last Saturday?"

SCENE in the street car—Seats all occupied. Enter young lady. Young gentleman rises and offers his place. Young lady slams down into it.

Young gentleman (inquiringly)—"I beg pardon?"

Young lady glares at him silently.

Young gentleman unbuckles his overcoat and produces an amphibone. Grasping it firmly in his teeth, he bends forward in bland but resolute expectancy.

Young lady gives up the struggle, yells: "Thanks—eee!" and leaves the car at the next crossing.

CUSTOMER to drug clerk compounding a prescription—Fine weather we're having?

Drug Clerk—Um.

Customer—Feels a little like snow?

Drug Clerk—Um.

Customer—Drug business pretty lively?

Drug Clerk—Um.

Customer—What's the matter with you? Got a pain?

Drug Clerk (pointing to a sign)—Read that, sir.

Customer (reading the sign)—"Silence—Injuries—accuracy." Um.

Mrs. Fogg—"I declare! It's outrageous! Mr. Spread, the editor of the *Clarion*, says he is going to have your picture in his paper tomorrow morning, with your biography. It's an outrage, that's what I call it—an outrage!"

Mrs. Fogg—"Oh, don't get excited, my dear. Nobody will ever recognize the picture as your portrait."

Mrs. Fogg—"But they'll know it's your's when they read the biography."

Mrs. Fogg—"People who know how to read never bother themselves over illustrated newspaper articles."

SAMMY TILDEN, with all his supposed gravity, indulges in a joke or repartee. Most deep thinking men do, whether politicians, judges, ministers, etc. President Lincoln said this was his relief, a sort of life-preserver against continuous anxious thought. A caller seeing on the wall a fine picture of the old floating "Bethel ship" or sailors' church, that lay so many years at the foot of Pike Street, asked Mr. Tilden jocosely whether it was a high church or low church? "That," replied Mr. Tilden, "depends entirely on the tide."

"Ray, old fellow," said Ebenezer Jones to Zebedee Smith, "did you know our old friend Tompkins was an athlete?"

"Why no; when did he assume that role?" asked Zebedee.

"Last week. Went out to Ohio and married a deaf-mute lady."

"What has that to do with his being an athlete?"

"Why, it shows his fondness for dumb belles."

"Good-bye."

"So long."

"Bobby, you mustn't play so hard with your little sister, mamma was saying reprovingly, after Bethel had been picked out of the mud puddle."

"Trains got to run on time, haven't they? When I'm playing train an' my train's got right o' way, it ain't going to stand around for any second handed freight, and the freight's going to get down from the track, that's all."

A slipper had the right of way across Bobby in a minute or two after.

"No," said Fogg, who had failed to find out, until the dealer mentioned it next day, that the latter had overpaid him in making change, "no, I never was good at arithmetic. There was my sister, for instance, when we were children, she was five years older than I, but now she is six years younger. And yet the same number of years have passed over both our heads. I can't understand it at all; no, sir, I never was good at arithmetic."

"Come here, Tommy, and sit with me until your sister comes down. I want to tell you about the railroad accident I've just been through." "Guess you didn't get hurt, did you?" "No, but how did you know that?" "Why, because paw said the other day that your cheek would carry you through anything."

"The password is 'Saxe'; now don't forget it, Pat," said the Colonel just before the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks! Faith and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?" "Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post. Pat was as wise as an owl, and, in a sort of whispered yell, replied: "Bags, yer Honor!"

THOUGHT SHE WAS POSTED ON JAM.—"Mildred," said the school girl's mother, "hand me my cookery book. They are making a kind of preserve up the Kennebec River that I never heard of before, and I want to see if it is in it."

"What call of preserve is it, mamma?"

"They call it an Ice Jam, and I would just like to know how it is made, because ice is cheaper now than in the summer."

"SHIN 'em uppa!" said an Italian boot-black to Pat, just charged.

"Fire on 'em!" asked Pat.

"Begorra," said Pat, as he seated himself in the chair, "it is a fine country, Ameriky, where a poor Irishman can get his boots blacked by a gintleman wid gold rings in his cars."

At a dinner table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A., who used to be given to sharp practice was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

"We had a diamond wedding down at our house the other day," said Mrs. Shute, the boarding house keeper, to her friend, Mrs. Magulien. "Indeed! You don't say! It must have been interesting." "Yes, it was. The first base man's sister got married to the short stop."

Chauffeur.

A running mate—An eloping wife.

Talk about women being flighty! Look at 'em backwashers.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

"Pa, what is a crank?" "A crank, my son, is the other fellow in a debate."

"Order State" is the injudicious advice suspended before certain clock offices.

A crying baby at a meeting is like a good suggestion—it ought to be carried out.

Very retail clock dealers are received in good society. They're quite loud on the ton.

She—"If the lion were to break out, which would you save first, the children or me?" He—"Me."

When a countryman was asked what was the waste of a dress, he reckoned it was the part that dragged on the pavement.

Industry is the mother of prosperity, and laziness, her opposite, never saw the accomplishment of a good wish.

"What are panes?" asked the teacher of a primary class. "Things that grow on cats," piped the small boy at the foot.

Talk of the vicissitudes of life. Few men have had so many ups and downs as I. (It was the elevator boy who spoke thus.)

"There is no life in the Tin Cup mine," said a Western prospector. "The reason is the reason why the stock doesn't go up."

How Noah must have swelled around when the annual spring freshets came! He could always remember when the water was higher.

The Boston girl's equivalent for the flash expression, "Ah, there!" is: "Alas! there!"

In the environment of the adjacent remoteness.

"I think I went off pretty well; there was no hissing." Valued Friend—"Oh, yes. But you see a fellow ain't his while he's yawn ing."

A Boston paper somewhat sarcastically remarks: "The police of New York are being vaccinated. But what's the use of it? They never catch anything!"

Brown—"Hello, Jenkins! Why so sober?" "I could play the lower better than that myself," he replied. "Then why in heaven's name don't you?"

A boy at school on being asked to describe a kitten, said: "A kitten is remarkable for rushing. It is a very fast animal, and it is very good at stopping before it gets there."

A fine lady is a squirrel-headed thing, with small ears and small notions, about as applicable to the business of life as a pair of tweezers to the forest.—George Lutz.

A shrewd Louisville girl hurried things wonderfully by assuring her young man that she despised those females who continued to eat ice cream after they have married.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is a wit, and knows it. He is reported to have recently addressed the Farmers' Union in the following manner: "Ah, he," he said, glancing, "I heard you whistle during the war."

Lady (to applicant)—What wages will you expect as nurse? Applicant—How odd is the question!—Without laudanum, mum, \$2.50 a week; with laudanum, \$2.

"She puts on a great many airs, does she not?" said Mildred, while discussing an acquaintance. "Yes," replied Ann. "That doesn't begin to express it. She just pines cyclones on the top of hurricanes."

The retort courteous: He (after proposing and being rejected)—I suppose in the end you will be marrying some idiot of a fellow. (Breaking in.) Excuse me, if I meant to do that I should have accepted your offer.

Mrs. Lighthouse—"Of course, Dr. Scripture, we are very sorry to have to give up your pen in your church, but it has cost us so much money to have the lesson for this winter that we had to give up something."

The Newark boys that were taken to Paris for treatment by Pasteur are now on exhibition at a dime museum in New York. Instead of mitigating the horrors of hydrophobia, Pasteur's famous discoveries appear to have aggravated them.

"Oh, our teacher, Miss Jones, is a perfect amazon," remarked a pupil of a South Side public school, while conversing with a friend. "Yes," assented the second party, who was better read in geography than in history, "I have noticed that she has a awful big mouth."

A beautiful woman, with artificially lightened hair, once said to Gen. Shields: "How is it that, having obtained so much glory, you will seek for more?" "Ah, madam," he said with more force than politeness, "how is it that you will seek for more?"

"My dear, I wonder how it is that the Indians in South America never marry?" remarked Mr. Fangle. "Never marry?" exclaimed Mrs. Fangle. "Don't they?" "No; at least I infer not from a statement of a recent traveler that he never saw a bald-headed Indian in all his travels in South America."

Take It This Month.

Spring rapidly approaches, and it is important that every one should be prepared for the depressing effects of the changing season. This is the time to purify the blood and strengthen the system, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which stands unequalled as a spring medicine, and has endorsements of a character seldom given any proprietary medicine. A book containing statements of the many wonderful cures it has accomplished, will be sent on application to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

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## The Poultry Yard.

GOOD poultry should be firm to the touch, pink, or yellowish in color, fairly plump, have a strong skin, and a fresh, not disagreeable smell. Stale poultry loses firmness, becomes bluish in color, green over the abdomen, the skin readily breaks, and the bird has a disagreeable odor.

THE N. Y. Times says: "The use of incubators has not been found effective for ordinary poultry-keepers who have other avocations. Fanciers or others who rear poultry as a special business may, in time, after many failures and with patient perseverance, make them work successfully, but farmers and farmers' wives had better delegate the business of hatching eggs to the patient hen, who understands it. An incubator charged with eggs must be kept at a steady unvarying temperature of 100 to 105 degs. for 21 days and nights, excepting for certain regulated periods, in which the temperature may be safely reduced to 80 or 70 degs. for a few minutes. Even then a large proportion of the eggs will fail to hatch. When one thinks of the difficulty of maintaining the requisite temperature of a dairy room for the safety of the cream at an average of 65 degs. and how rarely this is accomplished, the difficulty of working an incubator, when the outer temperature may fall 40 degs. in one night, may be faintly realized."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Stockman* advises that much of the success of turkey raising depends on the manner the eggs are gathered, and says: "In the early spring months the eggs should never be allowed to remain in the nest until cold. Have a basket lined with a soft cloth, take it to the nest at the time of day the hens are about working with laying, and remove the eggs gently to it with the hand. Have the hands dry, clean, and free from grease. Many persons keep a clean, soft mitten in the egg basket, to be used only when removing eggs from the nest. Too much care cannot be used in handling eggs for sitting purposes. Cover the eggs with a soft cloth to carry them to the house. Keep them in baskets with soft cloth under and over them, in the room where they cannot chill at night, and turn them two or three times during the week. Many people complain that their eggs hatch poor, when the cause of it lies with them in not using care enough in gathering them."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest and reliable.

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